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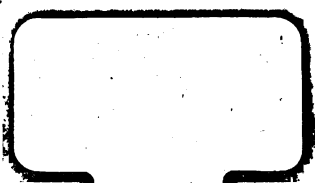
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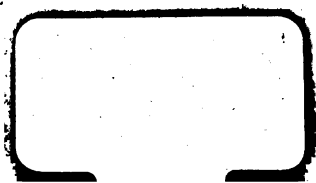
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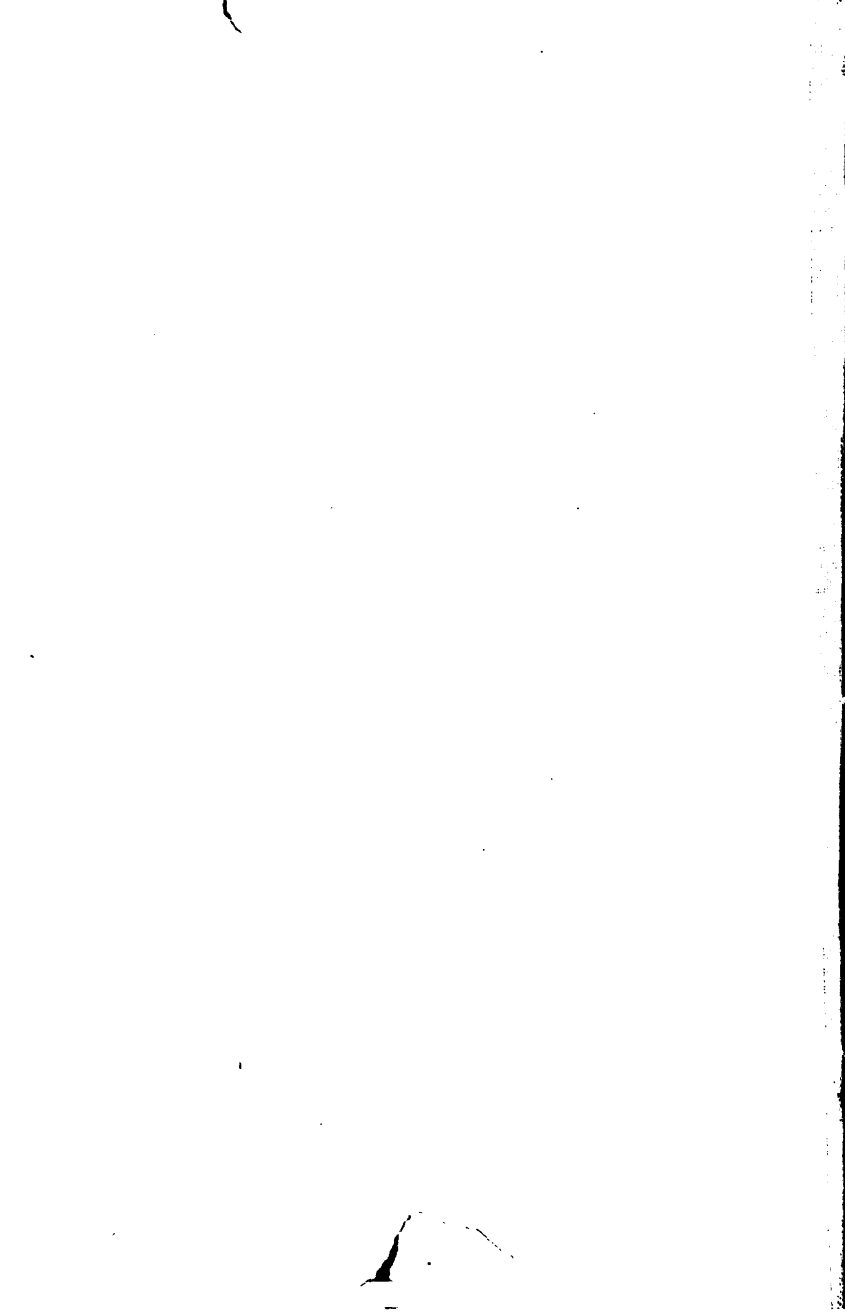


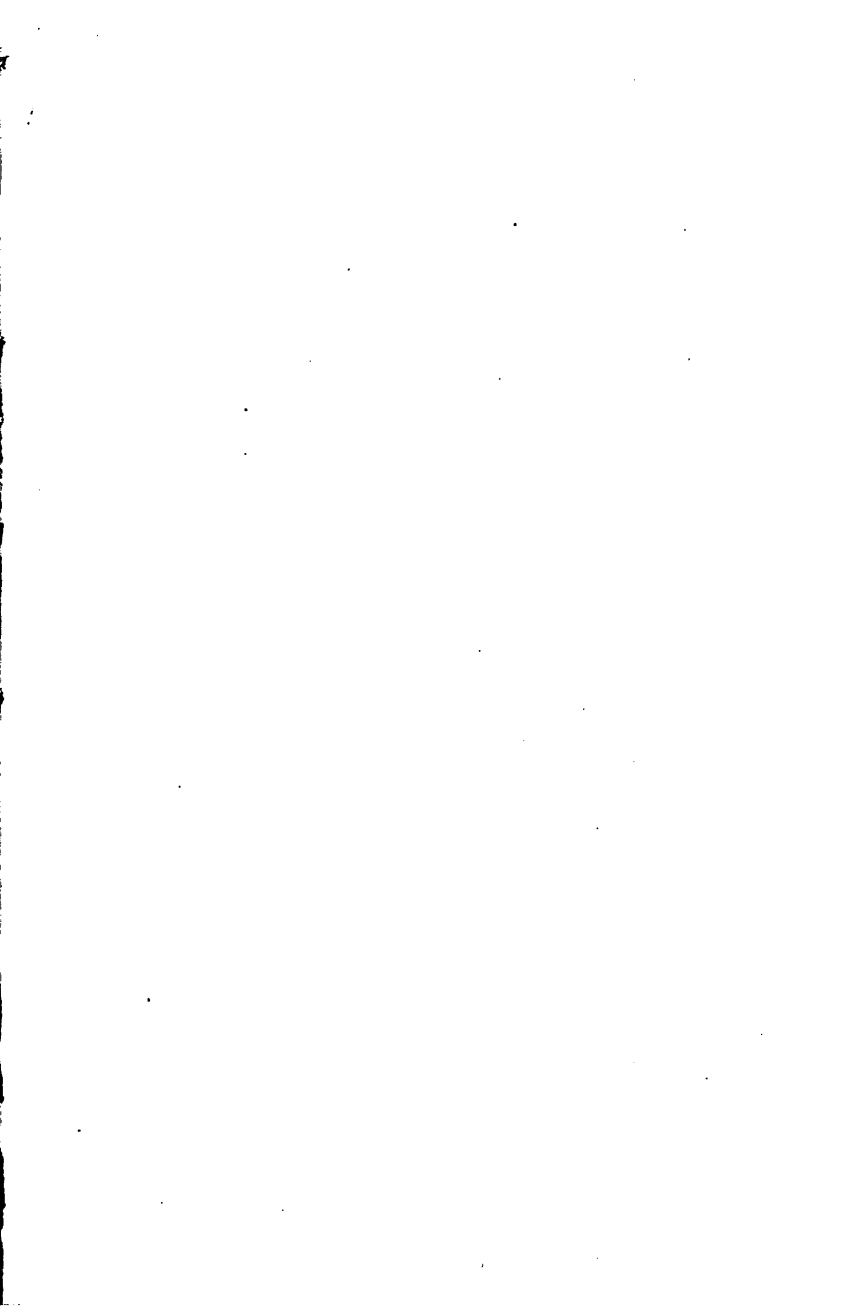
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A

THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS

OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

POETRY

FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

EDITED BY

EDWIN O. CHAPMAN

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.

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PREFACE.

IN the preparation of the following pages, the editor has endeavored to make a compilation of poetry which shall unite within a single volume the commendable features which appear separately in the various compilations previously made. While the collection is one of acknowledged gems, in which the reader for pleasure may find entertainment for a leisure half-hour, the wants of the student and the more careful reader, have been constantly kept in mind. The selections are chronologically arranged, so as to present a view of the growth of English verse from the earliest authors to the present day, for the purpose of enabling the reader at once to trace its progress and to make comparisons between the poets of the same period, and thus to judge of their proper rank and place in English Literature. In carrying out this double purpose, the editor has recognized the necessity of keeping the work within the compass of an ordinary twelve-mo volume which might fill the place of the bulky compilations, heretofore issued at a cost so great as to forever place them beyond the reach of those who perhaps need them most.

With this limitation as to space, it has been impossible to include long poems. In the choice of the selections, the editor has therefore been guided by two motives: first, to present such excerpts as are in themselves gems; second, to give such portions of the longer poems of distinctive merit as best illustrate the character of the poems and the style of the author. To the first class of selections titles have been given to correspond with the sentiment contained in the lines; while the selections from the longer poems bear the titles by which the poems

1118
63 v 40
The Schuyler Crane - 63 v 40
E

themselves are known, so that the reader who wishes to find the entire poems may have a ready guide.

It is not claimed for this volume, that it contains *all* the gems of English and American poetry, for the number of specimens has been purposely limited. It may be that some verses are omitted which should have found a place here in preference to those selected. This is a matter of judgment and critical taste, in which the editor may have erred. It is claimed, however, that these selections are all gems, the merits of which are universally conceded. They comprise a greater number, and they present the characteristics of a greater number of authors, than in any previous compilation within the same limitations as to style and price.

As the poetry of the present time was approached, the work of selection was somewhat embarrassed by the mass of meritorious verse which has, as yet, remained uncollected. The poetic gems of the last half of the present century would alone fill a volume like this. The time has not yet come for such a collection, and therefore only the best known living writers are here represented. Another source of embarrassment, in selecting from living authors, was encountered in the laws of copyright. Whenever we have selected from works thus protected, we have obtained permission from those holding the copyright, and thus all the rights of property have been respected. Our acknowledgments are due to authors and publishers who, in this and other respects, have aided us in our work.

New York. Nov. 15th, 1884.

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POETRY.

MERCY.

BUT, sith 'tis so there is a trespass done,
Unto Mercy let yield the trespassour.
It is her office to redress it soon,
For trespass to Mercy a mirrour.
And like as the sweet hath the price by sour,
So by Trespass, Mercy hath all her might ;
Without Trespass, Mercy hath lack of light.

What should Physic do but if Sickness were ?
What needeth salve but if there were a sore ?
What needeth drink where thirst hath no power ?
What should Mercy do, but Trespass go afore ?
But Trespass, woll be little store ;
Without Trespass near execution,
May Mercy have ne chief perfection.

Geoffrey Chaucer, 1328-1400.

NO TREASURE WITHOUT GLADNESS.

BE merry, man, and tak nought far in mynd
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow,
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbors gladly lend and borrow ;
His chance to-night it may be thine to-morrow.
Be blythe in heart for ony adventure ;
For with wysane it hath been said aforrow,
Without gladness availeth no treasure.

• • • • •
William Dunbar, 1465-1530.

THE LONGER LIFE THE MORE OFFENCE.

THE longer life the more offence,
 The more offence the greater paine,
 The greater paine the less defence,
 The lesse defence the lesser gaine;
 The loss of gaine long yll doth trye,
 Wherefore come death and let me dye.

The shorter life, less count I finde,
 The less account the sooner made,
 The account soon made, the merier mind,
 The merier mynd doth thought evade;
 Short life in truth this thing doth trye,
 Wherefore come death and let me dye.

Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,
 The ebbe of care, the flood of life,
 The flood of life, the joyful fare,
 The joyful fare, the end of strife,
 The end of strife, that thing wish I,
 Wherefore come death and let me die.

Sir Thos. Wyat, 1503-'54.

A VOW TO LOUE.

SET me whereas the sunne doth parche the grene,
 Or where his beames do not dissolue the yse;
 In temperate heate where he is felt and sene;
 In presence prest of people madde or wise;
 Set me in hie, or yet in low degree;
 In longest night, or in the shortest daye:
 In clearest skie, or where cloudes thickest be;
 In lusty youth, or when my heeres are graye:
 Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell,
 In hyll or dale, or in the foming flood,
 Thrall, or at large, aliue whereso I dwell,
 Sicke or in health, in euill fame or good:
 Hers will I be, and onely with this thought
 Content my self, although my chaunce be nought.

Howard, Earl of Surrey, 1518-'47.

THE WINDS.

NORTH winds send hail, South winds bring rain,
East winds we bewail, West winds blow amain :
North-east is too cold, South-east not too warm,
North-west is too bold, South-west doth no harm.

The North is a noyer to grass of all suites,
The East a destroyer to herb and all fruits ;
The South, with his showers, refresheth the corn,
The West, to all flowers, may not be forborne.

The West, as a father, all goodness doth bring,
The East, a forbearer no manner of thing :
The South, as unkind, draweth sickness too near,
The North, as a friend, maketh all again clear.

With temperate wind, we be blessed of God,
With tempest we find, we are beat with his rod :
All power, we know, to remain in his hand,
How ever wind blow, by sea or by land.

Though winds do rage, as winds were wood,
And cause spring tides to raise great flood,
And lofty ships leave anchor in mud
Bereaving many of life, and of blood ;
Yet true it is, as cow chews cud,
And trees, at spring, do yield forth bud,
Except wind stands, as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.

Thomas Tusser, 1523'-80.

SONNET.

COME, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low,
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts, Despair at me doth throw ;
O make in me those civil wars to cease :
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.

Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed ;
A chamber, deaf to noise, and blind to light ;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

Sir Philip Sidney, 1554-'86

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

The loppéd tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower,
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower ;
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow ;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb ;
Her tides have equal times to come and go ;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web :
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

Robert Southwell, 1560-'95.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle :

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move
Then live with me, and be my love.

Christopher Marlow, 1565-'95.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue—a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
 Had joys no date, nor age no need,
 Then these delights my mind might move
 To live with thee and be thy love.

Sir Walter Raleigh, 1552-1618.

SONG.

O CUPID, monarch over kings,
 Wherefore hast thou feet and wings?
 Is it to show how swift thou art,
 When thou wound'st a tender heart?
 Thy wings being clipped, and feet held still,
 Thy bow so many could not kill.

It is all one in Venus' wanton school,
 Who highest sits, the wise man or the fool,
John Lyly, 1554-1600.

SONNET.

LOVE in a humor play'd the prodigal,
 And bad my senses to a solemn feast;
 Yet more to grace the company withal,
 Invites my heart to be the chiefest guest:
 No other drink would serve this glutton's turn
 But precious tears distilling from mine eyne,
 Which with my sighs this epicure doth burn,
 Quaffing carouses in this costly wine;
 Where, in his cups o'ercome with foul excess,
 Straightways he plays a swaggering ruffian's part,
 And at the banquet in his drunkenness,
 Slew his dear friend, my kind and truest heart:
 A gentle warning (friends) thus may you see,
 What 'tis to keep a drunkard company.

Michael Drayton, 1563-1631.

ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made;

Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn;
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Teru, teru, by and by;
That, to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless bears they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing!
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep,
If thou wake he cannot sleep:
Thus, of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

Richard Barnfield.

SWEET IS THE ROSE.

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a brere;
 Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
 Sweet is the elegantine, but pricketh near;
 Sweet is the furbloom, but his branches rough;
 Sweet is the cyprus, but his rind is tough;
 Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
 Sweet is the broom flower, but yet sour enough;
 And sweet is moly, but his root is ill;
 So, every sweet, with sour is tempered still,
 That maketh it be coveted the more:
 For easy things that may be got at will
 Most sorts of men do set but little store.
 Why then should I account of little pain,
 That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?

Edmund Spenser, 155?-'99.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

AND is there care in Heaven? And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is:—else much more wretched were the case
 Of men than beasts: but O! th' exceeding grace
 Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his toe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
 To come to succor us that succor want!
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
 And all for love and nothing for reward:
 O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

Edmund Spenser.

SONNET.

LIKE as the culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
For his return that seems to linger late ;
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my Love,
And, wand'ring here and there, all desolate,
Seek with my complaints to match that mournful dove ;
Ne joy of aught that under heaven doth hove,
Can comfort me but her own joyous sight,
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasurs to delight.
Dark is my day, whiles her fair light I miss,
And dead my life, that wants such lively bliss.

Edmund Spenser.

THE POWER OF POETRY TO CONFER FAME.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washed it away ;
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
Vain man ! said she, that doth in vain assay
A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewise.
Not so, quoth I, let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame :
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,

Edmund Spenser.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field ;

Yet arms till that time did he never wield ;
 His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
 As much disdainig to the curb to yield :
 Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
 As one for knightly guists and fierce encounters fit.

Edmund Spenser.

TREASON.

Treason doth never prosper ; what's the reason ?
 For if it prosper none dare call it treason.

Sir John Harrington.

FORTUNE.

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
 But yet she never gave enough to any.

Sir John Harrington.

WRITERS WHO CARP AT OTHER MEN'S BOOKS.

The readers and the hearers like my books,
 But yet some writers cannot them digest ;
 But what care I ? for when I make a feast
 I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.

Sir John Harrington.

ONSTANCY.

LAY a garland on my hearse
 Of the dismal yew ;
 Maidens, willow branches bear ;
 Say, I diéd true.

My love was false, but I was firm
 From my hour of birth.
 Upon my buried body lie
 Lightly, gentle earth !

Samuel Fletcher, 1576-1625.

WEEP NO MORE.

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see:
Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair one, mourn no mo.

Samuel Fletcher.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON LIFE AND DEATH.

To be, or not to be,—that is the question :—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the rub :
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause ; there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will ;

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn a-wry,
And lose the name of action.

William Shakespeare—1564-1616

LOVE ME LITTLE—LOVE ME LONG.

Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song,
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still I would not have thee cold,
Not too backward or too bold ;
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.

If thou lovest me too much,
It will not prove as true as touch ;
Love me little, more than such,
For I fear the end.
I am with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent,
To be steadfast friend.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to decieve
While that life endures :
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
As now, when in my May of youth,
This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persevere ;
Give me that, with true endeavour
I will it restore.

A suit of durance let it be,
For all weathers ; that for me,
For the land or for the sea,
Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat,
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain ;
So to thee farewell.

Anonymous, 1570.

SONNET.

Care-charmer sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth ;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow ;
Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

Samuel Daniel, 1562.

A PRECISE TAILOR.

A tailor, thought a man of upright dealing—
True, but for lying—honest, but for stealing—
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance ;
The fiends of hell mustering in fearful manner,
Of sundry colour'd siks display'd a banner,

Which he had stolen, and wish'd, as they did
tell.

That he might find it all one day in hell.
The man, attrighted with this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great precisian :
He bought a Bible of the best translation,
And in his life he show'd great reformation ;
He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,
He heard three lectures and two sermons
weekly ;

He vow'd to shun all company unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath but truly ;
And zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the eve was drest ;
And lest the custom which he had to steal
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeyman a special charge,
That if the stuff, allowance being large,
He found his fingers were to filch inclined,
Bid him to have the banner in his mind.
This done (I scant can tell the rest for laughter)
A captain of a ship came three days after,
And brought three yards of velvet and three
quarters,
To make Venetians down below the garters.
He, that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slipt aside three-quarters of the stuff ;
His man, espying it, said in derision,
Master, remember how you saw the vision !
Peace, knave ! quoth he, I did not see one rag
Of such a color'd silk in all the flag.

Sir John Harrington, 1561-1612,

ADVICE OF POIONIUS TO HIS SON.

Hamlet

GIVE thy thought no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.
 Beware of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
 Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

William Shakespeare.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

Hamlet.

O THAT this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
 Or that the everlasting had not fixed
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seems to me all the uses of this world !
 Fie on't ! O fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in nature
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
 But two months dead !—nay, not so much, not two :
 So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother,
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
 Must I remember ? why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on : and yet, within a month,—
 Let me not think on't ; Frailty, thy name is woman !—

William Shakespeare.

ANTONY'S DESCRIPTION OF BRUTUS.

Julius Cæsar.

THIS was the noblest Roman of them all ;
 All the conspirators, save only he,
 Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
 He, only, in a general honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle ; and the elements
 So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
 And say to all the world, " This was a man ! "

William Shakespeare.

A FAITHFUL LOVER.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
 His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
 His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

William Shakespeare.

SECRET LOVE.

Twelfth Night.

SHE never told her love,
 But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought ;
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief.

William Shakespeare.

THE GRAVE.

Macbeth.

DUNCAN is in his grave ;
 After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well ;
 Treason has done his worst ; nor steel, nor poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
 Can touch him further.

William Shakespeare.

IN THE TEMPEST.

King Lear.

BLOW, wind, and crack your cheeks ! rage ! blow !
 You cataracts and huricanoes spout
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drowned the cocks !
 You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
 Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
 Singe my white head ! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world !

* * * * *

Rumble thy bellyful ! Spit, fire ! spout, rain !
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters :
 I tax you not, you elements with unkindness,

I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
 You owe me no subscription ; why then, let fall
 Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand, your slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man : —
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
 Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this. . O ! O ! 't is foul !

William Shakespeare.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

As You Like It.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp ? are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court ?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 'The seasons' difference ; as the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
 This is no flattery ; these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

William Shakespeare.

SONG OF AMIENS.

As You Like It.

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh, ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :

Then heigh, ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho ! sing heigh ho ! etc.

William Shakespeare.

MERCY.

Merchant of Venice.

THE quality of Mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.

William Shakespeare.

CELESTIAL MUSIC.

Merchant of Venice.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thickly inlaid with patines of bright gold :
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims,—
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn !
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

William Shakespeare.

SERENADE TO SYLVIA.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

WHO is Sylvia ? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her ?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
 The heavens such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair ?
 For beauty lives with kindness ;
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness ;
 And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
 That Sylvia is excelling ;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling ;
 To her let us garlands bring.

William Shakespeare

THE ABUSE OF POWER.

Measure for Measure.

O, it is excellent
 To have a giant's strength : but tyrannous
 To use it like a giant.

William Shakespeare.

CLOTEN'S MORNING SONG.

Cymbeline.

HARK ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chalic'd flowers that lies ;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ;
 With every thing that pretty bin ;
 My lady sweet, arise ;
 Arise, Arise.

William Shakespeare.

OTHELLO'S COURTSHIP TO DESDEMONA.

Othello.

MOST potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
 My very noble and approved good masters,—
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true ; true, I have married her,
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace ;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pitch,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
 Their dearest action in the tented field ;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic.
 (For such proceeding I am charged withal)
 I won his daughter with.

William Shakespeare.

JEALOUSY.

Othello.

TRIFLES, light as air,
 Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ.

William Shakespeare.

REPUTATION.

Othello.

GOOD name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls ;
 Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
 But he, that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

William Shakespeare.

QUEEN MAB.

Romeo and Juliet.

O, THEN, I see queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep ;
Her waggon spokes made of long spinners' legs :
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams :
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies, coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops, night by night
Through lover's brains, and then they dream of love :
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight :
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.

William Shakespeare.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Romeo and Juliet.

WHAT'S in a name ? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet :
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title :—Romeo, doff thy name ;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

William Shakespeare.

THE GARDEN SCENE.

Romeo and Juliet.

HE jests at scars that never felt a wound.—
But, soft ! what light through yonder window breaks !
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she ;
Be not her maid since she is envious :
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.—
It is my lady ; O, it is my love :
O, that she knew she were !—

William Shakespeare.

PERFECTION NEEDS NO ADDITION.

King John.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess,

William Shakespeare.

RICHARD'S HUMILITY.

King Richard I.

WHAT must the king do now ? Must he submit ?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd ?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king ? O' God's name, let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads ;
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage ;
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown ;
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood ;
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff ;
My subjects for a pair of carved saints ;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave—an obscure grave :

Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head :
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live ;
And, buried once, why not upon my head ?

William Shakespeare.

HENRY'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

King Henry IV.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep !—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more will weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god ! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge.
And in the visitations of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?—
Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king ?—Then, happy low, lie down !
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

William Shakespeare.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF KING HENRY V.

King Henry V.

HEAR him but reason in divinity,
 And, all admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire the king were made a prelate :
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study;
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle rendered you in music :
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter ; that when he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

William Shakespeare.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

King Henry VI.

WHAT stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted ?
 Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;
 And he but naked though lock'd up in steel
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

William Shakespeare.

GLOSTER'S SOLILOQUY.

King Richard III.

Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
 And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house,
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
 Our stern alarums, chang'd to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

William Shakespeare.

WOLSEY ON HIS FALL.

King Henry VIII.

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

William Shakespeare.

WOLSEY TO CROMWELL.

King Henry VIII.

THUS far hear me, Cromwell ;
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?

Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :

Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's. Then if thou fall'st, O

Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr !—Serve the King,

And,—pr'ythee, lead me in ;

There take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny, 'tis the King's : my robe, -

And my integrity to Heaven, is all

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell,

Cromwell !

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal

I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age

Have left me naked to mine enemies.

William Shakespeare.

LOVE AND LUST.

Venus and Adonis.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain ;

But Lust's effect is tempest after sun ;

Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain ;

Lust's winter comes, e'er summer half be done.

Love surfeits not ; Lust like a glutton dies ;

Love is all truth ; Lust full of forged lies.

William Shakespeare.

SUNRISE.

Venus and Adonis.

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,

From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,

And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast

The sun ariseth in his majesty ;

Who doth the world so gloriously behold,

The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

William Shakespeare.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

The Microbiblia.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
 Or like the blossom on the tree,
 Or like the dainty flower in May,
 Or like the morning of the day,
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had.
 E'en such is man ; whose thread is span,
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth ;
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth ;
 The sun sets, the shadow flies ;
 The gourd consumes,—and man he dies !

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
 Or like a tale that's new begun,
 Or like the bird that's here to-day,
 Or like the pearlèd dew of May,
 Or like an hour, or like a span,
 Or like the singing of a swan.
 E'en such is man ; who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death.
 The grass withers, the tale is ended ;
 The bird is flown, the dew's ascended ;
 The hour is short, the span is long ;
 The swan's near death,—man's life is done !

Simon Wastell, 1560—1630.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Again, how can she but immortal be,
 When with the motions of both will and wit,
 She still aspireth to eternity,
 And never rests, till she attain to it ?

Water in conduit pipes can rise no higher
 Than the well-head from whence it first doth spring :
 Then since to eternal God she doth aspire,
 She cannot be but an eternal thing.

* * * * *

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
 That with her heav'nly nature doth agree;
 She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
 She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
 Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
 Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had health?
 Or having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

Then as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
 Which seem sweet flow'rs, with lustre fresh and gay:
 She, lights on that, and this, and tasteth all;
 But, pleas'd with none, doth rise and soar away:

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
 And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
 She doth return from whence she first was sent.
 And flies to him that first her wings did make.

Sir John Davies, 1570—1626.

A BLUSH.

THE eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly
 wrought,
 Ye might have almost said her body thought.

John Donne, 1573—1631.

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine:
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee,

As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be ;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

Jonson, 1573—1637.

WOMAN.

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you ;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue :
So, court a mistress, she denies you ;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly then
Styled but the shadows of us men ?

At morn and even shades are longest,
At noon they are or short or none ;
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say, are not women truly then
Styled but the shadows of us men ?

Ben Jonson.

GYPSY SONG.

To the old, long life and treasure ;
To the young, all health and pleasure ;
To the fair their face
With eternal grace,
And the soul, to be loved at leisure ;
To the witty, all clear mirrors ;
To the foolish, their dark errors ;
To the loving sprite
A secure delight ;
To the jealous, his own false terrors.

Ben Jonson.

SIC VITA.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are ;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew ;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood :
Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies :
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies ;
The dew dries up, the star is shot ;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

Henry King, 1592-1669.

THE PRIMROSE.

ASK me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year ;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearled with dew :
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are washed with tears.
Ask me why this flower doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too ;
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break :
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

Thomas Carew, 1580-1639.

DISDAIN.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

Thomas Carew.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

SLEEP, baby, sleep! what ails my dear,
What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?
What thing to thee can mischief do?
Thy God is now thy father dear,
His holy Spouse thy mother too.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe, sweet baby, sleep.

* * * * *

George Wither, 1588—1667.

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?

Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be ?

Should my heart be griev'd or pin'd
'Cause I see a woman kind ?
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or her well-deservings, known,
Make me quite forget my own ?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die ?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo ;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be ?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair :
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve :
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go ;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

George Wither.

I LOVED A LASS, A FAIR ONE

I LOV'D a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen ;
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba Queen.
But, fool as then I was,
I thought she lov'd me too :
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her hair like gold did glisten,
Each eye was like a star,
She did surpass her sister,
Which pass'd all others far ;
She would me honey call,
She'd, oh—she'd kiss me too :
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Many a merry meeting
My love and I have had ;
She was my only sweeting,
She made my heart full glad ;
The tears stood in her eyes,
Like to the morning dew :
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheeks were like the cherry,
Her skin as white as snow ;
When she was blythe and merry,
She angel-like did show ;
Her waist exceeding small,
The fives did fit her shoe :
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time or winter
She had her heart's desire ;
I still did scorn to stint her
From sugar, sack, or fire ;

The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew :
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

To maidens' vows and swearing
Henceforth no credit give ;
You may give them the hearing,
But never them believe ;
They are as false as fair,
Unconstant, frail, untrue :
For mine, alas ! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

George Wither.

THE SHEPHERD'S CHOICE.

SHALL I tell you whom I love ?
Hearken then awhile to me ;
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versify,
Be assured 'tis she or none
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
As she scorns the help of art ;
In as many virtues dight,
As e'er yet embraced a heart.
So much good, so truly tried,—
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath ;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be.
Though perhaps not so to me !

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace hath birth ;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth ;

Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is ; and if you know
Such a one as I have sung,
Be she brown, or fair, or so
That she be but sometime young,
Be asured 'tis she or none
That I love, and love alone.

William Browne, 1590—1645.

A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood ;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of God.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton, 1568—1639.

TIME.

TIME's a hand's-breath ; 'tis a tale ;
 'Tis a vessel under sail ;
 'Tis an eagle in its way
 Darting down upon its prey,
 'Tis an arrow in its flight
 Mocking the pursuing sight ;
 'Tis a short-lived fading flower ;
 'Tis a rainbow on a shower ;
 'Tis a momentary ray
 Smiling in a winter's day ;
 'Tis a torrent's rapid stream ;
 'Tis a shadow ; 'tis a dream ;
 'Tis the closing watch of night,
 Dying at the rising light ;
 'Tis a bubble ; 'tis a sigh :—
 Be prepared, O man, to die.

Francis Quarles, 1592—1644

WHAT IS LIFE ?

AND what's a life ?—a weary pilgrimage,
 Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
 With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life ?—the flourishing array
 Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
 Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Francis Quarles.

VIRTUE.

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall, to-night ;
 For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

George Herbert, 1593-1632.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

I TRAVELLED on, seeing the hill where lay
My Expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on the one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride.

And so I came to Fancy's meadow, strowed
With many a flower ;
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quickened by my hour.
So to Care's copse I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion, which
Some call the wold ;
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robbed of all my gold,
Save one good angel, which a friend had tied
Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart ; and climbing still
When I had gained the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that, abashed and struck with many a sting
 Of swarming fears,
 I fell, and cried, "Alas, my King!
 Can both the way and end be tears?"
 Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceived
 I was deceived.

My hill was farther ; so I flung away,
 Yet heard a cry
 Just as I went,—“None goes that way
 And lives.” “If that be all,” said I,
 “After so foul a journey death is fair,
 And but a chair.”

George Herbert.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

My comforts drop and melt away like snow ;
 I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends
 Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow ;
 Like leaves about me ; or like summer friends,
 Flies of estate and sunshine.

George Herbert.

VALUE OF LOVE.

SCORN no man's love, though of a mean degree,—
 Love is a present for a mighty king.

George Herbert.

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS.

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying ;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
 The higher he's a-getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer ;
 But being spent, the worse and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And while you may, go, marry ;
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

Robert Herrick, 1591-1634.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

VIRTUE's branches wither, virtue pines,
 O pity ! pity ! and alack the time !
 Vice doth flourish, vice in glory shines,
 Her gilded boughs above the cedar climb.

Vice hath golden cheeks, O pity, pity !
 She in every land doth monarchize :
 Virtue is exiled from every city,
 Virtue is a fool, Vice only wise.

O pity, pity ! Virtue weeping dies !
 Vice laughs to see her faint, alack the time !
 This sinks ; with painted wings the other flies ;
 Alack, that best should fall, and bad should climb.

O pity, pity, pity ! mourn, not sing ;
 Vice is a saint, Virtue an underling ;
 Vice doth flourish, Vice in glory shines,
 Virtue's branches wither, Virtue pines.

Thomas Dekker.

PATIENCE.

Patience !—why, 'tis the soul of peace :
 Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven :
 It makes men look like gods. The best of men
 That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
 A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit :
 The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.

Thomas Dekker.

LULLABY.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles await you when you rise,
Sleep, pretty wantons ; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby :
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you ;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons ; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby :
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton, About 1599.

ALMS.

GIVE, if thou canst, an alms ; if not, afford
Instead of that a sweet and gentle word.
God crowns our goodness, wheresoe'er He sees
On our part, wanting the abilities.

Robert Herrick.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN ?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
Prithee, why so pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Prithee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
Prithee, why so mute ?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't ?
Prithee, who so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move,
This cannot take her ;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her !

Sir John Suckling, 1613-'41.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

FANCIES are but streams
Of vain pleasure ;
They, who by their dreams
True joys measure,
Feasting starve, laughing weep,
Playing smart ; whilst in sleep
Fools, with shadows smiling,
Wake and find
Hopes like wind,
Idle hopes, beguiling.
Thoughts fly away ; Time hath passed them :
Wake now, awake ! see and taste them !

John Ford, 1586-1639.

THE THREE STATES OF WOMEN.

In a maiden-time professed,
Then we say that life is blessed ;
Tasting once the married life,
Then we only praise the wife ;
There's but one state more to try,
Which makes women laugh or cry—
Widow, widow : of these three
The middle's best, and that give me.

Thomas Middleton, About 1623.

SPRING.

SWEET Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Sweet Spring, thou com'st—but, ah ! my pleasant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not again ;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sour.

Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair ;
But she whose breath embalm'd the wholesome air
Is gone ; nor gold nor gems can her restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
When thine forgot lie closed in a tomb !

William Drummond, 1585-1649.

A ROSE.

THOU blushing rose, within whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes !

Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon :
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee ?
Thou'rt wondrous frolic being to die so soon ;
And passing proud a little color makes thee.

If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know, then, the thing that swells thee is thy bane ;
For the same beauty doth in bloody leaves
The sentence of thy early death contain.

Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn :
And many Herods lie in wait each hour
To murder thee as soon as thou art born ;
Nay, force thy bud to blow ; their tyrant breath
Anticipating life, to hasten death.

Sir Richard Fanshawe, 1607-'66

SERENADE.

THE lark now leaves his watery nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings,
He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light he sings :
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star;
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn,
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

Sir William Davenant, 1605-'68.

HATRED OF THE SCOTS.

HAD Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom;
Not forced him to wander, but confined him home.

John Cleveland, 1613-'58.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate :
Death lays his icy hand on kings
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant with laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives ! creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds !
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

James Shirley, 1596-1666.

HYMN OF THE NATIVITY.

GLOOMY night embraced the place
 Where the noble Infant lay;
 The Babe looked up and showed his face—
 In spite of darkness it was day.

We saw Thee in thy balmy nest,
 Bright dawn of our eternal day!
 We saw Thine eyes break from their east,
 And chase the trembling shades away:
 We saw Thee, and we blest the sight,
 We saw Thee by Thy own sweet light.

* * * * *

Richard Crashaw, 1616-'50.

EPITAPH.

To these, whom death again did wed,
 This grave's their second marriage-bed.
 For though the hand of Fate could force,
 'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
 It could not sunder man and wife,
 'Cause they both lived but one life.
 Peace, good reader, do not weep;
 Peace, the lovers are asleep;
 They (sweet turtles) folded lie,
 In the last knot love could tie.
 And though they lie as they were dead,
 Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead.
 (Pillow hard, and sheets not warm)
 Love made the bed, they'll take no harm.
 Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
 Till this stormy night be gone,
 And th' eternal morrow dawn;
 Then the curtains will be drawn,
 And they wake into that light
 Whose day shall never die in night.

Richard Crashaw.

THE MAD LOVER.

I HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink,—
This many and many a year;
And those three are plagues enough, one would think,
For one poor mortal to bear.
'Twas drink made me fall into love,
And love made me run into debt;
And though I have struggled and struggled and strove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain;
'Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my lets!
And my mistress that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again:
Then I'll fall to loving and drinking again.

Alexander Brome, 1620-'66.

LIFE'S BREVITY.

MARK that swift arrow! how it cuts the air,
How it outruns thy following eye!
Use all persuasions now, and try
If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.
That way it went; but thou shalt find
No track is left behind.

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou.
Of all the time thou 'st shot away,
I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what canst find
That it hath left behind!

Our life is carried with too strong a tide;
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years.
Each day doth on a wingèd whirlwind ride.
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust.

But his past life who without grief can see ;
 Who never thinks his end too near ;
 But says to Fame, " Thou art mine heir ;"
 That man extends life's natural brevity—
 This is, this is the only way
 To outlive Nestor in a day.

Abraham Cowley, 1618-'67.

ABSENCE.

A THOUSAND pretty ways we'll think upon
 To mock our separation.
 Alas ! ten thousand will not do ;
 My heart will thus no longer stay,
 No longer 'twill be kept from you,
 But knocks against the breast to get away.

And when no art affords me help or ease,
 I seek with verse my griefs t' appease :
 Just as a bird that flies about,
 And beats itself against the cage,
 Finding at last no passage out,
 It sits and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage.

Abraham Cowley.

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies .
 Nature, in awe to him,
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so .o sympathize :
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air,
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;
 And on her naked shame,

Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

John Milton, 1608-'74.

THE LADY'S SONG IN "COMUS."

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy aery shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her and song mourneth well !
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That liketh thy Narcissus are ?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere !
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies

John Milton.

ON MAY MORNING.

A SONG.

Now the bright morning Star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May ! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing !
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

John Milton.

SATAN PRESIDING IN THE INFERNAL COUNCIL.

HIGH on a throne of royal state which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
 To that bad eminence : and, from despair
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
 Vain war with Heaven, and, by success untaught,
 His proud imaginations thus display'd.

John Milton.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and signs unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night raven sings ;
 There under ebon shades, and low brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

John Milton.

PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
 The brood of Folly, without father bred !
 How little you bestead,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys ;
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy snakes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
 Or likest hov'ring dreams,
 The fickle pensioners or Morpheus' train

John Milton.

INTRODUCTION TO PARADISE LOST.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning, how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos.

John Milton.

ADAM AND EVE.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honor clad
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all :
And worthy seem'd ; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,)
Whence true authority in men ; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd ;
For contemplation he had valor form'd ;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace ;
He for God only, she for God in him.

John Milton.

THE ANGELIC WORSHIP.

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
The eternal regions : lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold ;
Immortal amaranth, a flower which once

In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence
To Heaven removed where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of Heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream.

John Milton.

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first-born,
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,
May I express thee unblam'd ? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.

John Milton.

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the God
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads ; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell ; how glorious once above thy sphere,
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless king :

John Milton.

MORNING IN PARADISE.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom'd : for his sleep
Was æry-light from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapors bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song

Of birds on ev'ry bough ; so much the more
 His wonder was to find unawaken'd Eve,
 With tresses discompos'd and glowing cheek,
 As through unquiet rest : he on his side
 Leaning, half rais'd, with looks of cordial love,
 Hung over her enamor'd, and beheld
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces ; then with voice
 Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus : " Awake,
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
 Heav'n's last, best gift, my ever new delight,
 Awake : the morning shines * * * *

John Milton.

EVENING IN PARADISE.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
 Silence accompanied : for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
 Silence was pleas'd : now glow'd the firmament
 With living sapphires ; Hesperus that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

John Milton.

EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

He ended ; and the Archangel soon drew nigh,
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man
 Clad to meet man ; over his lucid arms
 A military vest of purple flow'd,
 Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
 Of Sarrah, worn by kings and heroes old
 In time of truce ; Iris had dipt the woof ;
 His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime

In manhood where youth ended ; by his side,
 As in a glist'ring zodiac, hung the sword,
 Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
 Adam bow'd low ; he kingly, from his state
 Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declared :—

“ Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs
 Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and death
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
 Defeated of his seizure many days,
 Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
 And one bad act with many deeds well done
 May'st cover : well may then thy Lord appeas'd
 Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim :
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell
 Permits not : to remove thee I am come,
 And send thee from the garden forth to till
 The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.”

John Milton

THE SPIRIT'S EPILOGUE.

To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where Day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky :
 There I suck the liquid air,
 All amidst the garden fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,
 That sing about the golden tree :
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund spring,
 The Graces and the rosy-bosom'd hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring ;
 That there eternal summer dwells,
 And west-winds with musky wing
 About the cedarn alleys fling
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.

John Milton.

CHASTITY.

So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,

A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal ; but when Lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in Defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.

John Milton.

MUSIC.

At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was 'ware, and wished she might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death.

John Milton.

FAME.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds),
To scorn delights and live laborious days :
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. " But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears.

John Milton.

ON SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid ?
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.

John Milton.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
E'er half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide ;
Doth God exact day labor, light deny'd,
I fondly ask ? but patience to prevent
That murmur soon replies, God doth not need
EITHER man's work or his own gifts ; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

John Milton.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Go, lovely rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended lied.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired ;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Edmund Waller, 1605-'87.

SONG TO MORPHEUS.

MORPHEUS, the humble god, that dwells
 In cottages and smoky cells,
 Hates gilded roofs and beds of down ;
 And, though he fears no prince's frown,
 Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
 And thy leaden charming rod,
 Dipt in the Lethean lake,
 O'er his wakeful temples shake,
 Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature, alas ! why art thou so
 Obligated to thy greatest foe ?
 Sleep, that is thy best repast,
 Yet of death it bears a taste,
 And both are the same thing at last.

Sir John Denham, 1615-'68.

VIRGIN PURITY.

THE morning pearls,
 Dropt in the lily's spotless bosom, are
 Less chastely cool, ere the meridian sun
 Hath kiss'd them into heat.

William Chamberlayne, 1619-'89.

THE DEPOSITION.

THOUGH when I lov'd thee thou wert fair,
 Thou art no longer so :
 Those glories, all the pride they wear
 Unto opinion owe.
 Beauties, like stars, in borrow'd lustre shine,
 And 't was my love that gave thee thine.

The flames that dwelt within thine eye
Do now with mine expire ;
Thy brightest graces fade and die
At once with my desire.
Love's fires thus mutual influence return ;
Thine cease to shine when mine to burn.

'Then, proud Celinda, hope no more
To be implor'd or woo'd ;
Since by thy scorn thou dost restore
The wealth my love bestow'd ;
And thy despis'd disdain too late shall find
That none are fair but who are kind.

Thomas Stanley, 1625-'78.

LA BELLE CONFIDANTE.

You earthly souls that court a wanton flame
Whose pale, weak influence
Can rise no higher than the humble name
And narrow laws of sense,
Learn by our friendship to create
An immaterial fire,
Whose brightness angels may admire,
But cannot emulate.
Sickness may fright the roses from her cheek,
Or make the lilies fade,
But all the subtle ways that death doth seek
Cannot my love invade.

Thomas Stanley.

THE NEW YEAR.

HARK ! the cock crows ; and yon bright star
Tells us, the day himself's not far.
And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light ?
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look as seems to say
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves do prophesy ;

When the prophetic fear of things
 A more tormenting mischief brings,
 More full of soul-tormenting gall
 Than direst mischiefs can befall.

Charles Cotton, 1630-'87.

REASON AND RELIGION.

DIM as the borrowed beams of moon and stars,
 To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
 Is Reason to the soul; and as on high
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Not light us here, so Reason's glimmering ray
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
 But guide us upward to a better day,
 And as those nightly tapers disappear
 When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
 So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,—
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

John Dryden, 1631-1700.

A SIMILE.

TILL, like a clock worn out with beating time.
 The weary wheels of life at last stood still.

John Dryden.

MEN.

MEN are but children of a larger growth;
 Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
 And full as craving too, and full as vain;
 And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,
 Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
 But like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
 Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
 To the world's view.

John Dryden.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

'TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft in awful state

The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne :
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound :
 So should desert in arms be crowned.
 The lovely 'Thais by his side.
 Sat, like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserve the fair.

John Dryden.

ELEANORA.

As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
 They but perfume the temple and expire,
 So was she soon exhaled and vanished hence—
 A short sweet odor of a vast expense.
 She vanished—we can scarcely say she died,
 For but a "now" did heaven and earth divide ;
 She passed serenely with a single breath,
 This moment perfect health, the next was death.
 One sigh did her eternal bliss assure,
 So little penance needs when souls are almost pure.
 As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue,
 Or, one dream passed, we slide into a new,
 So close they follow, such wild order keep,
 We think ourselves awake, and are asleep.
 So softly death succeeded life in her,
 She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.
 No pains she suffered, nor expired with noise ;
 Her soul was whispered out with God's still voice ;
 As an old friend is beckoned to a feast,
 And treated like a long familiar guest,
 He took her as he found, but found her so
 As one in hourly readiness to go.

John Dryden.

HUMAN LIFE.

WHEN I consider life, 'tis all a cheat ;
 Yet, fool'd with hope, men favor the deceit :

Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay :
 To-morrow's falser than the former day ;
 Lies worse ; and while it says we shall be blest
 With some new joys cuts off what we possessed.
 Strange cozenage ! None would live past years again ;
 Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain ;
 And from the dregs of life think to receive
 What the first sprightly running could not give.

John Dryden.

THE GOOD PARSON.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train,
 An awful, reverend, and religious man.
 His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
 And charity itself was in his face.
 Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
 (As God hath clothed His own ambassador),
 For such, on earth, his blessed Redeemer bore.
 Of sixty years he seemed ; and well might last .
 To sixty more, but that he lived too fast ;
 Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense,
 And made almost a sin of abstinence.

John Dryden.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BRIGHT star ! by Venus fix'd above,
 To rule the happy realms of Love ;
 Who in the dewy rear of day,
 Advancing thy distinguish'd ray,
 Dost other lights as far outshine
 As Cynthia's silver glories thine ;
 Known by superior beauty there,
 As much as Pastorella here.

Exert, bright Star, thy friendly light,
 And guide me through the dusky night !
 Defrauded of her beams, the Moon
 Shines dim, and will be vanish'd soon.
 I would not rob the shepherd's fold ;
 I seek no miser's hoarded gold ;
 To find a nymph I'm forced to stray,
 Who lately stole my heart away.

George Stepney, 1663-1707.

RIVALRY IN LOVE.

Of all the torments, all the cares,
 With which our lives are curst;
 Of all the plagues a lover bears,
 Sure rivals are the worst.

By partners in each other kind
 Afflictions easier grow;
 In love alone we hate to find
 Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
 Are lab'ring in my breast,
 I beg not you would favor me,
 Would you but slight the rest.

How great soe'er your rigors are,
 With them alone I'll cope;
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope.

William Walsh, 1663-1709.

A BLESSING.

THEN hear me, bounteous Heaven,
 Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
 Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
 With a continual giving hand: let peace,
 Honor, and safety always hover round her:
 Feed her with plenty; let her eyes ne'er see
 A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning;
 Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
 Harmless as her own thoughts; and prop her virtue,
 To bear the loss of one that too much loved;
 And comfort her with patience in our parting.

Thomas Otway, 1651-'85.

SONG.

COME, all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled
 By cruel beauty's pride,
 Bring each a garland on his head,

Let none his sorrows hide
But hand in hand, around me move,
Singing the saddest tales of love ;
And see, when your complaints ye join,
If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I,
My heart no sorrow knew ;
Pity the pain with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew ;
Yet if a tempting fair you find
That 's very lovely, very kind,
Though bright as heaven whose stamp she bears,
Think on my fate and shun her snares.

Thomas Otway.

SELF-MURDER.

WHAT torments are allotted those sad spirits,
Who, groaning with the burden of despair,
No longer will endure the cares of life,
But boldly set themselves at liberty,
Through the dark caves of death to wander on.
Like wilder'd travellers, without a guide ;
Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze,
Where scarce the twilight of an infant morn,
By a faint glimmer check'ring through the trees,
Reflects to dismal view the walking ghosts,
That never hope to reach the blessed fields.

Nathaniel Lee,—About 1689.

SPEECH.

SPEECH is morning to the mind !
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul.

Nathaniel Lee.

WARRIORS.

I HATE these potent madmen, who keep all
Mankind awake, while they, by their great deeds,
Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
Only to make a sound to last for ages.

John Crowne.—About 665.

PASSIONS.

WE oft by lightning read in darkest nights ;
And by your passions I read all your natures,
Though you at other times can keep them dark.

John Crowne,—About 1665.

LOVE IN WOMEN.

THESE are great maxims, sir, it is confess'd ;
Too stately for a woman's narrow breast.
Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds ;
In ours, it fills up all the room it finds.

John Crowne,—About 1665.

SONG.

A CURSE upon that faithless maid
Who first her sex's liberty betray'd ;
Born free as man to love and range,
Till nobler nature did to custom change ;
Custom, that dull excuse for fools,
Who think all virtue to consist in rules.

From love our fetters never sprung,
That smiling god, all wanton, gay, and young,
Shows by his wings he cannot be
Confined to artless slavery ;
But here and there at random roves,
Not fix'd to glittering courts or shady groves.

Then she that constancy profess'd
Was but a well dissembler at the best ;
And that imaginary sway
She seem'd to give in feigning to obey,
Was but the height of prudent art
To deal with greater liberty her heart.

Aphra Behn, 1630-'89.

SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

THIS Indian weed, now withered quite
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay ;
All flesh is hay :
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak ;
Thou art e'en such,—
Gone with a touch :
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff,
Gone with a puff
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defiled with sin ;
For then the fire
It does require :
Thus think, and smoke tobacco

And seest the ashes cast away,
Then to thyself thou mayest say,
That to the dust
Return thou must.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Matt, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care ;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

Then take Matt's word for it, the sculptor is paid :
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye ;

Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are ;
High hopes he conceived, and he smother'd great fears,
In a life party-color'd, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree ;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord ! how merry was he.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust ;
And whirl'd in the round as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

Matthew Prior, 1664-1721.

EPIGRAM.

I LOVED thee, beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow ;
So altered are thy face and mind—
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

Matthew Prior.

AN ODE.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And nightly, to the listening Earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball :
What though no real voice, nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found :
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine :
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison, 1672-1709.

A HYMN.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face :
O how shall I appear !

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought :

When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul ;
O how shall I appear !

Joseph Addison.

HOPE.

OUR lives, discolored with our present woes,
May still grow white and shine with happier hours.
So the pure limped stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines ;

Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

Joseph Addison.

IMMORTALITY.

IT must be so ! Plato, thou reason'st well ;
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality ?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man.

Joseph Addison.

LIBERTY.

O LIBERTY ! thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss and pregnant with delight,
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy smiling train.
Eased of the load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight.
'Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun and pleasure to the day.

Joseph Addison.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps He leads :

Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Joseph Addison.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well :
Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose :
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colors glow ;
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side.
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

Thomas Parnell, 1689—1717.

SONG.

WHEN thy beauty appears
 In its graces and airs,
 All bright as an angel new dropped from the sky,
 At a distance I gaze and am awed by my fears,
 So strangely you dazzle my eye.

But when without art
 Your kind thoughts you impart,
 When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
 When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart;
 Then I know you're a woman again.

"There's a passion and pride
 In our sex" (she replied).

"And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:
 Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
 But still be a woman to you."

Thomas Parnell.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF HIMSELF.

Occasioned by reading the following maxim in Rochefoucauld.

"Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose, qui ne nous déplait pas."

"In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that doth not displease us."

As Rochefoucauld his maxims drew
 From nature, I believe them true:
 They argue no corrupted mind
 In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim, more than all the rest,
 Is thought too base for human breast:—
 "In all distresses of our friends
 We first consult our private ends;
 While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
 Points out some circumstance to please us."
 If this, perhaps, your patience move,
 Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
 Our equal raised above our size.
 I love my friend as well as you ;
 But why should he obstruct my view ?
 Then let me have the higher post :
 Suppose it but an inch at most.
 If in a battle you should find
 One, whom you love of all mankind,
 Had some heroic action done,—
 A champion killed or trophy won ;
 Rather than thus be overtop,
 Would you not wish his laurels cropt ?
 Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
 Lies racked with pain, and you without ;
 How patiently you hear him groan !
 How glad the case is not your own !
 * * * * *

Some country squire to Lintot goes,
 Inquires for Swift in verse and prose,
 Says Lintot, " I have heard the name ;
 He died a year ago." " The same."
 He searches all the shop in vain.
 " Sir, you may find them in Duck Lane ;
 I sent them, with a load of books,
 Last Monday to the pastrycook's.
 To fancy they could live a year !
 I find you're but a stranger here.
 The Dean was famous in his time,
 And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
 His way of writing now is past :
 The town has got a better taste.
 I keep no antiquated stuff,
 But spick-and-span I have enough.

Jonathan Swift, 1667-1744.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY.

THIS day, whate'er the fates decree,
 Shall still be kept with joy by me :
 This day then let us not be told
 That you are sick, and I grown old ;

Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and wills :
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet, since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days,
From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines.

Jonathan Swift.

ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part forever to the grave ?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings !
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire ;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir ;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid :
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd !
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone forever ! take this long adieu ;
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine ;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart ;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee !

Of't let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown,

Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below ;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;
In arms who triumph'd ; or in arts excell'd ;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven ;
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest ;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

Thomas Tickell, 1686-1740.

TO CHARLOTTE PULTENEY.

Timely blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight ;
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please.
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue :
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush ;
Like the linnet in the bush,
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat ;
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green in May
Flitting to each bloomy spray ;
Wearied then and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest.

This thy present happy lot,
This in time will be forgot ;
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever-busy Time prepares ;
And thou shalt in thy daughters see,
This picture once resembled thee.

Ambrose Philips, 1671—1749.

THE PAINTER WHO PLEASSED NOBODY AND EVERY- BODY.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The traveller leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes even his real courage doubted :
But flattery never seems absurd ;
The flattered always takes your word :
Impossibilities seem just.
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great.
Will still come short of self-conceit.

John Gay, 1688—1732.

THE MONKEY WHO HAD SEEN THE WORLD.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonished at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve ; and others gloat
Upon his rich embroidered coat ;
His dapper periwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending ;
His powdered back, above, below,
Like hoary frost, or fleecy snow ;
But all with envy and desire
His fluttering shoulder-knot admire.
“ Hear and improve,” he pertly cries ;
“ I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own words ; support your place ;
The next in rank to human race.

In the cities long I passed my days,
Conversed with men, and learnt their ways.
Their dress, their courtly manners see ;
Reform your state and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive ? in flattery deal ;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit :
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to spatter merit ;
Scandal is conversation's spirit.
Boldly to everything attend,
And men your talents shall commend.
I knew the great. Observe me right ;
So shall you grow like man polite."

John Gay.

THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A fox, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay ;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarmed his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him stand
To learn their dying sire's command :
He raised his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone :
" Ah, sons ! from evil ways depart :
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, see, the murdered geese appear !
Why are those bleeding turkeys here ?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken slain ? "
The hungry foxes round them stared,
And for the promised feasts prepared.
" Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer ?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain."

"Nay, then," replies the feeble fox.
" (But hark ! I hear a hen that clocks)
Go, but be moderate in your food ;
A Chicken too might do me good."

John Gay,

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Black-eyed Susan came on board.
" Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sail among the crew."

William, then high upon the yard,
Rocked with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below ;
The cord slides quickly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark high poised in air
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
If chance his mate's shrilly call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

John Gay.

ENVY AND DETRACTION.

I hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of ano her's fame.
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decried.

John Gay.

BASE AMBITION.

How fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base!
These cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from superior merit fly.

John Gay.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

John Gay.

THE MESSIAH.

SEE heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

Alexander Pope, 1688-1744.

BLINDNESS TO THE FUTURE.

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future ! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven.

Alexander Pope.

MAN.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great
With too much knowledge of the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between ; in doubt to act or rest ;
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast ;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err ;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much ;
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;
Still by himself abused or disabused ;
Created half to rise and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all.

Alexander Pope.

WOMAN.

BUT grant, in public men sometimes are shown,
A woman's seen in private life alone :
Our bolder talents in full light displayed ;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.

Alexander Pope.

DANGER OF IMPERFECT KNOWLEDGE.

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring ;
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

Alexander Pope.

ACTIONS.

BEHOLD ! if Fortune, or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns,
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a State ;
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.
Not always Actions show the man ; we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind ;
Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east.
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great.
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave ;
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave.
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise ;
His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting lies.

Alexander Pope.

HONOR.

HONOR and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made ;
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd,
"What differ more," you cry, "than crown and cowl ?"
I'll tell you, friend ; a wise man and a fool ;
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk ;
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
The rest is all but leather, or prunella.

Alexander Pope.

HUMAN CHARACTER.

IN vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft, in the passions' wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost :
Tired, not determined, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field,

As the last image of that troubled heap,
 When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep
 (Though past the recollection of the thought),
 Becomes the stuff of which our dreams is wrought ;
 Something as dim to our eternal view,
 Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

Alexander Pope.

INSTINCT.

SAY, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
 What pope or council can they need beside ?
 Reason, however able, cool at best,
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest ;
 Stays till we call, and then not often near ;
 But honest Instinct comes a volunteer ;
 Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit ;
 While still too wide or short is human Wit.—
 And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

Alexander Pope.

EDUCATION.

'Tis education forms the common mind ;
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'Squire,
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ;
 Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave,
 Will sneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave :
 Is he a churchman ? then he's fond of power :
 A Quaker ? sly : a Presbyterian ? sour :
 A smart Free-thinker ? all things in an hour.

Alexander Pope.

FAITH.

FOR modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;
 He can't be wrong whose life is in the right ;
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern is charity :
 All must be false that thwart this one great end ;
 And all of God that bless mankind, or mend.
 Man, like the generous vine, supported lives !
 The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.

Alexander Pope.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ! Angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.

What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes : it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O Grave ! where is thy Victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?

Alexander Pope.

THE INDIAN'S HEAVEN.

Lo ! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind,
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind :
 His soul proud science never taught to stray,
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill an humbler heaven ;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
 Some happier island in the watery waste ;
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.

Alexander Pope.

VICE.

VICE is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
 Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Alexander Pope.

MORNING HYMN.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Bishop Ken, 1637-1711.

EVENING HYMN.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own Almighty wings !

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

Bishop Ken.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind) ;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :

The heavenly Babe you there shall find
 To human view display'd,
 All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
 Appear'd a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, and thus
 Address'd their joyful song :—

" All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace ;
 Goodwill henceforth from Heaven to men
 Begin, and never cease ! "

Nahum Tate, 1652-1715.

SONG.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask rose,
 Soft as the down of turtle dove,
 Gentle as air when Zephyr blows,
 Refreshing as descending rains
 To sun-burnt climes, and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
 Or as the dial to the sun ;
 Constant as gliding waters roll,
 Whose swelling tides obey the moon ;
 From every other charmer free,
 My life and love shall follow thee,

Barton Booth, 1681-1733.

SONG.

I LATELY vow'd, but 'twas in haste,
 That I no more would court
 The joys that seem when they are past
 As dull as they are short.

I oft to hate my mistress swear,
 But soon my weakness find ;
 I make my oaths when she's severe,
 But break them when she's kind.

John Oldmixon, 1673-1742.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid ;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas ! silly swain that I was !
Thus sadly complaining he cried ;
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had died :
She talk'd, and I bless'd her dear tongue ;
When she smiled, 'twas a pleasure too great ;
I listen'd, and cried when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet ?

How foolish was I to believe
She could dote on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folk of the town ;
To think that a beauty so gay
So kind and so constant would prove,
Or go clad, like our maidens, in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love !

Nicholas Rowe, 1673-1718.

SONG.

PURSUING beauty, men descry
The distant shore, and long to prove
Still richer in variety
The treasures of the land of love.

We women, like weak Indians, stand
Inviting from our golden coast
The wand'ring rovers to our land :
But she who trades with them is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
Stealing unseen into the heart ;

But by possession settled in,
They quickly play another part.

For beads and baubles we resign,
In ignorance, our shining store;
Discover nature's richest mine,
And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, but do not try
How he can court, or you be won;
For love is but discovery:
When that is made, the pleasure's done.

Thomas Southerne, 1659-1746.

GOOD IN THINGS EVIL.

I KNOW thy soul believes
'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves;
Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.
Were the whole known, that we uncouth suppose,
Doubtless 'twould beauteous symmetry disclose.
The naked cliff that, singly, rough remains,
In prospect dignifies the fertile plains,
Lead-colored clouds in scattered fragments seen,
Show, though in broken views, the blue serene.

* * * * *

Sword law has often Europe's balance gained,
And one red victory years of peace maintained.
We pass through want to wealth, through dismal strife
To calm content, through death to endless life.

Richard Savage, 1698-1743.

A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears ; when he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way ;
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

DEATH.

'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night !
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus at the shut of eve the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledged wings and bears away.

Robert Blair, 1699-1746.

PAST HOURS.

THE spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.

Edward Young, 1684-1765.

SLEEP.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer,—balmy Sleep !
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes—
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied by a tear.

Edward Young.

UNCERTAINTY OF HAPPINESS.

THE spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
Of earthly bliss : it breaks at every breeze.

Edward Young.

THOUGHTS.

A CHRISTIAN dwells, like Ariel, in the sun.
Too low they build who build below the stars.
PATIENCE and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth.

Edward Young.

TIME.

THE bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss : to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood,
It is the signal that demands despatch :
How much is to be done ? My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what ? A fathomless abyss.
A dread eternity ! how surely mine !
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?

Edward Young.

THE EMPTINESS OF RICHES.

CAN gold calm passion, or make reason shine ?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine ?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness :
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themselves unblest'd. The poor are only poor.
But what are they who droop amid their store ?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state ;
The happy only are the truly great.

Edward Young.

PROCRASTINATION.

BE wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead :

Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

Edward Young.

A SUMMER MORNING.

WITH quicken'd step
 Brown night retires : young day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limpers awkward ; while along the forest glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells :
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

James Thomson, 1700-'48.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

COME, gentle Spring ! ethereal mildness, come,
 And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
 While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

James Thomson.

SPRING FLOWERS.

ALONG these blushing borders, bright with dew,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace,
 Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first ;
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,

And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes ;
The yellow wallflower, stained with iron-brown,
And lavish stock that scents the garden round ;
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed
Anemones ; auriculas, enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves :
And full ranunculus of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks ; from family diffused
To family, as flies the father dust,
The varied colors ran ; and, while they break
On the charmed eye, th' exulting florist marks
With secret pride the wonders of his hand.

James Thomson.

INDOLENCE.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate :
That, like an emmet, thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;
And, certes, there is for it reason great :
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late ;
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

James Thomson.

THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

AH ! little think the gay, licentious, proud,
Whom pleasure, pow'r, and affluence surround !
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel riot waste ;
Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain :
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame : how many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man ;
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms ;
Shut from the common air and common use

Of their own limbs : how many drink the cup
Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of Misery : sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless Poverty : how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse.

James Thomson.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

HAPPY they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love ;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence.

James Thomson.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good,
But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh ! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

James Thomson.

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main ;
This was the charter of the land,

And guardian angels sung this strain :
" Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
Britons never will be slaves ! "

The nations not so blessed as thee
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
" Rule," etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
" Rule," etc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame ;
But work their woe, and thy renown.
" Rule," etc.

James Thomson.

IDLENESS.

HAD unambitious mortals minded nought,
But in loose joy their time to wear away ;
Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day ;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had raised,
No arts had made us opulent and gay ;
With brother-brutes the human race had grazed ;
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honor'd been, none
praised.

James Thomson.

GRONGAR HILL.

O MAY I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see ;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid ,

For, while our wishes wildly roll,
 We banish quiet from the soul :
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
 And misers gather wealth and care.

John Dyer, 1700-'58.

SONG.

Al, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doom'd to love and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish !
 Yet eager looks and dying sighs
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her.
 The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes.

For, oh ! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling :
 Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm, whene'er I view thee,
 Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.
 Then, when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.

William Hamilton, 1704-'54

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

LET observation, with extensive view,
 Survey mankind from China to Peru ;
 Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
 And watch the busy scenes of crowded life ;

Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
 O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate.
 Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
 To chase the dreary paths, without a guide,
 As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
 Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good ;
 How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
 Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice ;
 How nations sink by darling schemes oppress'd,
 When vengeance listens to the fool's request.

* * * * *

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find ?
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
 Inquirer, cease ; petitions yet remain
 Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice :
 Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious pray'r ;
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
 Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.

Samuel Johnson, 1709-'84.

PREFERMENT.

UNNUMBER'D suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
 Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;
 Delusive Fortune hears the incessant call,
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
 On every stage the foes of peace attend,
 Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end,

Samuel Johnson.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
 First rear'd the Stage, immortal Shakespeare rose.

Each change of many-color'd life he drew,
 Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new ;
 Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
 And panting Time toil'd after him in vain :
 His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd
 And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Samuel Johnson.

CHARLES XII.

ON what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide ;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labors tire :
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign ;
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain :
 " Think nothing gain'd," he cries, " till naught remain ;
 On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky."

* * * * *

His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand :
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale

Samuel Johnson.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of heaven,
 The noble mind's delight and pride,
 To men and angels only given,
 To all the lower world denied.

Samuel Johnson.

PASTORAL BALLAD.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam ;

Should Corydon's happen to stray,
 Oh ! call the poor wanderers home.
 Allow me to muse and to sigh,
 Nor talk of the change that ye find ;
 None once was so watchful as I ;
 I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

* * * * *

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow ;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the harebells and violets grow.

* * * * *

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep ;
 They have nothing to do but to stray ;
 I have nothing to do but to weep.
 Yet do not my folly reprove ;
 She was fair—and my passion begun ;
 She smiled—and I could not but love ;
 She is faithless—and I am undone,

William Shenstone, 1714-'63.

THE SCHOOL LET OUT.

BUT now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky.
 And Liberty unbars her prison-door,
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
 And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
 With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar ;
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run.
 Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastime, I implore !
 For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

William Shenstone.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

YE midnight Shades ! o'er Nature spread
 Dumb silence of the dreary hour :

In honor of the approaching dead
Around your awful terrors pour.
Yes, pour around
On this pale ground,
Thro' all this deep surrounding gloom,
The sober thought,
The tear untaught,
Those meetest mourners a a tomb.

Lo ! as the surpliced train draw near
To this last mansion of mankind,
The slow sad dell, the sable bier,
In holy musings wrapt the mind !
And while their beam,
With trembling stream,
Attending tapers faintly dart,
Each mould'ring bone
Each sculptured stone
Strikes mute instruction to the heart.

David Mallet, 1700-'65.

THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Then fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung :
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay :
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

William Collins, 1720-'56.

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes is shown ;

Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
 While Fancy lifts the veil between :
 Ah Fear ! ah frantic Fear !
 I see, I see thee near.
 I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye !
 Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly ;
 For lo, what monsters in thy train appear !

William Collins.

THE PASSIONS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting,
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each (for madness ruled the hour)
 Would prove his own expressive power.

FIRST Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd ; his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings :
 In one rude clash, he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair
 Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still, through all the song;
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.
William Collins.

FRIENDSHIP.

IS AUGHT so fair
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
 In Nature's fairest forms is aught so fair
 As virtuous Friendship?—as the candid blush
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
 The graceful tear that streams for others' woes,
 Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
 The gate;—where honor's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
 Of innocence and love protect the scene.

Mark Akenside, 1721-'70.

TASTE.

WHAT, then, is taste but those internal powers,
 Active and strong, and feelingly alive
 To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
 From things deformed, or disarranged and gross
 In species. This nor gems nor stores of gold.
 Nor purple state nor culture can bestow;
 But God alone, when first his active hand
 Imprints the secret bias of the soul.

Mark Akenside.

TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS BE LOVE.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,

I would approach, but dare not move ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice than hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before—
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

George, Lord Lyttleton, 1709-'73.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour:—
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Thomas Gray, 1716-'71.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best!
 Bound in thy adamantine chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth
And bade thee form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know
And from her own she learn'd to melt at other's woe.

Thomas Gray.

VICISSITUDE.

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermil cheek, and whisper soft,
She woos the tardy spring :
Till April starts and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet ;
Forgetful of their wint'ry trance
The birds his presence greet :
But chief the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy ;
And, lessening from the dazzling sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by :
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know ;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Thomas Gray.

HAUNTS OF THE MUSE.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Egean deep :

Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæanders amber waves
In ling'ring lab'rinth creep
How do your tuneful echoes languish !
Mute but to the voice of anguish !
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around ;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound.

Thomas Gray.

YOUTH AND PLEASURE.

FAIR laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm ;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

Thomas Gray

LIFE'S LITTLE DAY.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man :
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colors drest :
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance ;
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.

Thomas Gray.

CARELESS CONTENT.

I AM content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me ;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground as I could see :
So when away my caring went.
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet ;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food in sour and sweet :
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

John Byrom, 1691—1763.

THE BLIND BOY.

O SAY ! what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy ?
What are the blessings of the sight ?
O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wond'rous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright ;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play ;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe ;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy ;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

Colley Cibber, 1671—1757.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land,
Is half so sweet as Sally :

She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

* * * *

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named :
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Henry Carey, — 1743

TWEEDSIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose !
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring ;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

William Crawford, 1700 (?) — '50 (?)

TO-MORROW, LORD, IS THINE.

To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sov'reign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;

Oh, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day !

Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty pow'r,
The aged and the young.

"One thing" demands our care ;
Oh, be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd !

Philip Doddridge, 1702-'51.

ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

My God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days ;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praise ?

Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

Philip Doddridge.

SELF DELUSION.

MAN's a poor deluded bubble,
Wand'ring in a mist of lies,
Seeing false, or seeing double ;
Who would trust to such weak eyes ?

Yet presuming on his senses,
On he goes, most wondrous wise ;
Doubts of truth, believes pretences ;
Lost in error, lives and dies.

Robert Dodsley, 1703 · 49.

ODE TO MANKIND.

BUT thine has been imputed blame,
 The unworthy few assume thy name,
 The rabble weak and loud ;
 Or those who on thy ruins feast,
 The lord, the lawyer, and the priest ;
 A more ignoble crowd.

Avails it thee, if one devours,
 Or lesser spoilers share his powers,
 While both thy claim oppose ?
 Monsters who wore thy sullied crown,
 Tyrants who pull'd those monsters down,
 Alike to thee were foes.

Earl Nugent, 1709-'88.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I'VE heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
 Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day ;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
 The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and way ;
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk nae lifts her leglen and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
 The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray ;
 At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play ;
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border !
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;
 The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
 The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking,
Woman and bairns are heartless and wae ;
Sighing and moaning on like green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Jane Elliot,—About 1740.

VARIETY.

THE moral of my tale is this
Variety's the soul of bliss ;
But such variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.
As from the heart's impelling power
The life-blood pours its genial store ;
Though taking each a various way,
The active streams meandering play
Though every artery, every vein,
All to the heart return again ;
From thence resume their new career,
But still return and centre there :
So real happiness below
Must from the heart sincerely flow ;
For, listening to the syren's song,
Must stray too far, or rest too long.
All human pleasures thither tend ;
Must there begin, and there must end ;
Must there recruit their languid force,
And gain fresh vigor from their source.

William Whitehead, 1715-'85.

TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW didst thou say ?
Methought I heard Horatio say " To-morrow ! "
Go. I will not hear of it,—To-morrow !
'Tis a sharper who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty ; who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,—
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor. To-morrow !
It is a period nowhere to be found

In all the hoary registers of time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disdains the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio ;
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father ;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend ; arrest the present moments,
For be assured they all are arrant tell-tales ;
And though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless as the winged coursers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly ;
Because, though stationed on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass, unnoticed, unimproved.
And know, for that thou slumber'dst on thy guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive ; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hoodwinked justice, who shall tell thy audit ?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio ;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings,
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms, far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
Oh ! let it it not elude thy grasp, but life
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

Nathaniel Cotton, 1707-'68.

CONTENTMENT WITH LITTLE.

OUR portion is not large, indeed ;
But then how little do we need !
For nature's calls are few :
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

Nathaniel Cotton.

PEACEFUL DEATH.

While conscience, like a faithful friend
Shall through the gloomy vate attend,
And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

Nathaniel Cotton, 1712 '—'88

THE HOME OF CHILDHOOD.

SWEET Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'er.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at on breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care.
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to his place from whence at first she flew.
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

Oliver Goldsmith, 1728-'74

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,

And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place ;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour :
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.

Oliver Goldsmith.

ITALY.

FAR to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride,
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
They sons of Italy were surely blest.

Oliver Goldsmith.

A HAPPY PEASANTRY.

ILL fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride.
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man ;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,

Just gave what life required, but gave no more :
His best companions, innocence and health ;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

Oliver Goldsmith.

HAPPINESS.

VAIN, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind !—
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity, we make or find :
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE SWISS.

TURN we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display ;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword :
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, ev'n here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.

Oliver Goldsmith.

SOUNDS FROM THE VILLAGE.

SWEET was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
There as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;

The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school ;
 The water-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.

Oliver Goldsmith.

LITTLE THINGS.

SAY, should the philosophic mind disdain
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man.

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE SUICIDE.

FULL oft, unknowing and unknown,
 He wore his endless noons alone,
 Amid th' autumnal wood ;
 Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
 Abrupt the social board to quit,
 And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beck'ning the wretch to torments new,
 Despair, for ever in his view,
 A spectre pale, appear'd ;
 While, as the shades of eve arose,
 And brought the day's unwelcome close,
 More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

* * * * *

Vain man ! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
 To take, what first it deign'd to give,
 Thy tributary breath :
 In awful expectation placed.
 Await thy doom, nor impious haste
 To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of death,

Thomas Warton, 1728-'90.

REMORSE.

LOOK back ! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise or censure are at random hurl'd,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul ;
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
If all, if all, alas ! were well at home.
No ; 'tis the tale, which angry conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt ; when stern but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review,
And, like the dread handwriting on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call ;
Arm'd at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up reflection's glass—
The mind which starting heaves the heart-felt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own.

Charles Churchill, 1731-'64.

THE POVERTY OF POETS.

WHAT is't to us, if taxes rise or fall ?
Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
His Grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease ?
By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow
Free as the light and air some years ago.
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labors and excise our brains.
Burthens like these, vile earthly buildings bear ;
No tribute laid on castles in the air !

Charles Churchill

HUNTING SONG.

MANKIND are all hunters in various degree ;
The priest hunts a living—the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient—the courtier a place,
Though often, like us, he's flung out in the chase.

The cit hunts a plumb—while the soldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner—the patriot a name ;
And the practised coquette, though she seems to refuse,
In spite of her airs, still her lover pursues.

Paul Whitehead, 1710-'74

JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on thee is stay'd ;
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
Just and holy is thy Name ;
I am all unrighteousness :
False and full of sin I am ;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;

Let the healing stream abound,
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art ;
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1708-'88.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons, for valor long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door ;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war ;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks
Where once they fed their wanton flocks :
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminished blaze ?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancor fell.

The rural pipe and merry ray
No more shall cheer the happy day :
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,

While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Tobias Smollett, 1720-'71.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye ;
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.

Tobias Smollett.

FLOWERS.

LET long-lived pansies here their scents bestow,
The violet languish, and the roses glow ;
In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
Narcissus here his love-sick head recline :
Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
And tulips tinged with beauty's fairest dyes.

Thos. Blacklock, 1721-'91.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

CURSED with unnumber'd groundless fears,
How pale yon shivering wretch appears !
For him the daylight shines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain ;
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
No more the woods their music boast ;
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume :
Impending mists deform the sky,
And beauty withers in his eye.

Thos. Blacklock

SONG TO DAVID.

USE all thy passions !—love is thine,
And joy and jealousy divine ;
Thine hope's eternal fort.

And care thy leisure to disturb,
With fear concupiscence to curb,
And rapture to transport.

Act simply, as occasion asks ;
Put mellow wine in season'd casks ;
Till not with ass and bull :
Remember thy baptismal bond ;
Keep from commixtures foul and fond,
Nor work thy flax with wool.

Christopher Smart, 1722-'70

A LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

As, by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemn'd to roam
An endless exile from his home ;
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go ; nor dares to stay ;
Till on some neighboring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below ;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu :
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
Gay queen of fancy and of art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

* * * * *

Me wrangling courts and stubborn law,
To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw :
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice throng the way !
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare ;
Loose Revelry, and Riot bold,
In frighted streets their orgies hold ;
Or, where in silence all is drown'd,
Fell Murder walks his lonely round ;
No room for peace, no room for you ;
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu.

Sir William Blackstone, 1723-'80.

TO HIS WIFE,

WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

"A KNIFE," dear girl, "cuts love," they say !
Mere modish love, perhaps it may—
—For any tool, of any kind,
Can separate——what was never join'd.

The knife, that cuts our love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do ;
Must cut your softness, truth, and spirit,
Down to the vulgar size of merit ;
To level yours, with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste ;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip, what would dizen out a score.

That self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight, forever :
All memory of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last ;—
All that makes fourteen years with you,
A summer—and a short one too ;—
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours without you seem like years.

Till that be done (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will chip the moon),
Accept my present, undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.

If in a kiss—delicious treat !—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—"cut and come again."

Samuel Bishop, 1731-'95.

TO HIS WIFE.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING-DAY,

"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed"—
So, fourteen years ago, I said—
Behold another ring!—"for what?"
"To wed thee o'er again?"—Why not?

With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Molly then appear'd.

If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.

Samuel Bishop.

O, NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME.

O, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
Nae langer drest in silken sheen,
Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
Nor shrink before the winter wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Thomas Percy, 1728-1811.

ON HEARING A DRUM.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round :
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans ;
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes,

John Scott, 1730-'83.

LENIENCY.

Frail in his genius, in his heart too frail,
Born but to err, and erring to bewail,
Shalt thou his faults with eye severe explore,
And give to life one human weakness more ?
Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed ;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need :
On pressing want, on famine's powerful call,
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.

John Langhorne.

AN APPEAL FOR THE POOR.

If then to thee resort the shivering train,
Of cruel days, and cruel man complain,
Say to thy heart (remembering him who said),
"These people come from far, and have no bread."
Nor leave thy venal clerk empower'd to hear ;
The voice of want is sacred to thy ear.

John Langhorne.

HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore.
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save,

But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ?
Or when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me and sorrow behind.
Oh, pity, great Father of lights, then I cried,
Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee ;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride ;
From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free.

And darkness and doubt are now flying away.
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb !

James Beattie 1735-1803.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove ;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove ;
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rang symphonious a hermit began ;
No more with himself, or with nature, at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

James Beattie.

DESTINY.

Yet such the destiny of all on earth ;
So flourishes and fades majestic man !
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursling fan :
O smile, ye heavens, serene ; ye mildews wan,

Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span :
Borne on the swift, though silent wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn :
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.

James Beattie.

THE SHEPHERD SWAIN.

THERE liv'd in gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree ;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady.
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie :
A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms ;
Zealous, yet modest : innocent, though free ;
Patient of toil ; serene, amidst alarms ;
Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

James Beattie.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

AH ! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar ;
Ah ! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star.
And waged with Fortune an eternal war ;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropp'd into the grave, unpitied and unknown !

James Beattie

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS WIFE.

WHERE'ER I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears ;
I fly the fated house—suppress my sighs,

Resolved to dry my unavailing tears :
But, ah ! in vain—no change of time or place
The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost ; and nought remains but anguish and despair.
Cuthbert Shaw 1738-'71.

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

ROCK OF AGES, cleft for me,
Keep me ever near to Thee !
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r !

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know
Could my tears forever flow,—
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone !

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Leprous, to the Fountain fly ;
Wash me Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,—
When my eyes shall close in death,—
When I soar to worlds unknown,—
See Thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

A. Toplady, 1740-'78.

LOVE DIVINE.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown ;
Jesus, Thou art all compassion !
Pure unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

A. Toplady.

FEARLESS DEATH.

SHUDDER not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on Him ;
Him—whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar :
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve ;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there !

A. Toplady.

LOVE OF LIFE.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground,
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our later stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection, to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

Mrs. Thrale, 1740-1822.

A COUNTRY LIFE.

How blest the man who, in these peaceful plains,
Ploughs his paternal field ; far from the noise,
The care, and bustle of a busy world !
All in the sacred, sweet, sequester'd vale
Of solitude, the secret primrose-path
Of rural life, he dwells ; and with him dwells
Peace and content, twins of the sylvan shade,
And all the graces of the golden age.

Michael Bruce, 1746-'67.

THE IDEAL OF A STATE.

WHAT constitutes a state ?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate ;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned ;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-born baseness wafts perfume to pride :
No—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain ;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain ;
These constitute a state ;
And sovereign Law, that with collected will
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown
The fiend Dissension like a vapor sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Sir William Jones, 1746-'94.

TO AN INFANT.

THERE, on the nurse's lap, a new-born child,
We saw thee weep while all around thee smiled ;
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Thou still may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

Sir William Jones.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

SWEET bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year !

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

John Logan, 1748-'88.

OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

O THOU whose beams the sea-girt earth array,
King of the sky and father of the day !
O Sun ! what fountain hid from human eyes
Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,
Forever burning and forever bright,
With heaven's pure fire and everlasting light ?

John Logan.

COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

FEW are thy days and full of woe,
O man of woman born !
Thy doom is written, dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.

Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head ;
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

John Logan.

RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

Thy mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the powers of human skill;
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
'To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

Thomas Chatterton, 1752-'70.

THE PROPHECY.

THIS truth of old was sorrow's friend—
"Times at the worst will surely mend."
The difficulty's then to know
How long Oppression's clock can go;
When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
And hope that their redemption's nigh.

Thomas Chatterton.

L'AMOUR TIMIDE.

If in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever loved to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure;
The cause I must not, dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.

Sir John H. Moore, 1756-'80.

MELANCHOLY.

YET still, enamor'd of the tender tale,
Pale Passion haunts thy grove's romantic gloom,
Yet still soft music breathes in every gale,
Still undecay'd the fairy garlands bloom,
Still heavenly incense fills each fragrant vale,
Still Petrarch's Genius weeps o'er Laura's tomb.

Thomas Russell, 1762-'82.

THE BEGGAR.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !
Whose trembling limbs have born him to your door,
Whose days are dwindling to the shortest span,
Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years ;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Thomas Moss, —1808

RURAL SOUNDS.

Nor rurals sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.

William Cowper, 1731-1800.

PATRIOTISM.

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country ! and while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime

Be fickle, and thy year, most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sulien skies
And fields without a flower for warmer France
With all her vines, nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task ;
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart
As any thunderer there.

William Cowper.

ENGLISH LIBERTY.

WE love
THE king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them ; him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free :
But recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be,
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still ;
May exercise amiss his proper powers,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant :
Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours
To administer, to guard, to adorn the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.

William Couper.

ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

OH that those lips had language ! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
" Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away ! "

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To queen it) here shines on me still the same.

William Cowper.

CONVERSATION

THE emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,
As if the gnomon on his neighbor's phiz,
Touch'd with a magnet, had attracted his.
His whisper'd theme, dilated and at large,
Proves after all a wind gun's airy charge—
An extract of his diary—no more—
A tasteless journal of the day before.

William Cowper.

THE CHARACTER OF CHATHAM.

PATRIOTS, alas! the few that have been found.
Where most they flourish, upon English ground,
The country's need have scantily supplied;
And the last left the scene when Chatham died.

William Cowper.

THE POSTMAN.

HE whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains.
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.

William Cowper.

EVENING.

Or make me so. Composure is thy gift :
And whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music or the poet's toil,
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit,
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to please,
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

William Cowper.

EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL.

BUT not to moralize too much and strain,
To prove an evil, of which all complain,
(I hate long arguments verbosely spun,)
One story more, dear Hill, and I have done.
Once on a time an emp'ror, a wise man,
No matter where, in China, or Japan,
Decreed, that whosoever should offend,
Against the well-known duties of a friend,
Convicted once should ever after wear
But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.
The punishment importing this, no doubt,
That all was naught within, and all found out,

O happy Britain ! we have not to fear
Such hard and arbitrary measure here ;
Else, could a law, like that which I relate,
Once have the sanction of our triple state,
Some few, that I have known in days of old,
Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold ;
While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,
Might traverse England safely to and fro,
An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within.

William Cowper.

RETIREMENT.

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit.

Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd.

William Cowper.

BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior Queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsels of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief.

" Princess ! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues,

" Rome shall perish ! write that word
In the blood that she has spilt ;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt,

" Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states ;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

" Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name ;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

William Cowper.

VERSES.

Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode on the Island of Juan Fernandez.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude ! where are the charms
The sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
—I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see,
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

William Cowper.

ACTION.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel,
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.

William Cowper.

REASON AND INSTINCT.

REAS'NING at every step he treads,
Man yet mistakes his way ;
While meaning things, whom instinct leads,
Are rarely known to stray.

William Cowper.

THE MILLENNIUM.

THE groans of Nature in this nether world,
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end,
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophet's lamp,
The time of rest, the promised sabbath, comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world ; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things
Is merely as the working of the sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest :
For He, whose care the winds are, and the clouds
The dust that waits upon his sultry march,
When sin hath moved him, and his wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy ; shall descend
Propitious in his chariot paved with love ;
And what his storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.

William Cowper.

FREE IN THE TRUTH.

HE is the freeman, whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain,
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and, though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them all."

William Cowper.

TRUE GAIETY.

WHOM call we gay? That honor has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest:
The peasant, too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those,
Whose headaches nail them to a noonday bed;
And save me too from theirs, whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;
From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

William Cowper.

CLERICAL AFFECTATION.

IN man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What!—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.

William Cowper.

TRUE HEROES.

LET laurels, drench'd in pure Pernassian dew,
Reward his mem'ry, dear to ev'ry muse,
Who, with a courage of unshaken rooṡ,
In honor's field advancing his firm foot,

Plants it upon the line that justice draws,
And will prevail or perish in her cause.
'Tis to the virtues of such men, man owes
His portion in the good that Heav'n bestows
And when recording history displays
Feats of renown, though wrought in ancient days ;
Tells of a few stout hearts, that fought and died,
Where duty plac'd them, at their country's side ,
The man that is not mov'd with what he reads,
That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.

William Cowper.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

MEDITATION here

May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd, and squar'd, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much ;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more,
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralld.

William Cowper.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

OP'NING the map of God's extensive plan,
We find a little isle, this life of man ;
Eternity's unknown expanse appears
Circling around and limiting his years.
The busy race examine and explore
Each creek and cavern of the dang'rous shore,

With care collect what in their eyes excels,
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells ;
Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,
And happiest he that groans beneath his weight.
The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,
And ev'ry hour sweeps multitudes away :
They shriek and sink, survivors start and weep,
Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.

William Cowper.

BASHFULNESS.

I PITY bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserv'd disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of needless shame, and self impos'd disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose ;
But being tried, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip :
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

William Cowper.

CONTRADICTION.

YE powers, who rule the tongue, if such there are,
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,
A duel in the form of a debate,
The clash of arguments and jar of words,
Worse than the mortal blunt of rival swords,
Decide no question with their tedious length,
For opposition gives opinion strength.

William Cowper.

CEREMONY.

THEN Ceremony leads her bigots forth,
Prepar'd to fight for shadows of no worth ;
While truths, on which eternal things depend,
Find not, or hardly find, a single friend :

As soldiers watch the signal of command,
They learn to bow, to kneel, to sit, to stand;
Happy to fill religion's vacant place
With hollow form, and gesture, and grimace.

William Cowper.

MIND AND CONDUCT.

THUS men go wrong with an ingenious skill;
Bend the strait rule to their own crooked will;
And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
First put it out, then take it for a guide.—

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these reciprocally those again.
The mind and conduct mutually imprint
And stamp their image in each other's mint.

William Cowper.

HUMAN LIFE.

Ask what is human life—the sage replies,
With disappointment low'ring in his eyes,
A painful passage o'er a restless flood,
A vain pursuit of fugitive false good,
A scene of fancied bliss and heart-felt care
Closing at last in darkness and despair.

William Cowper.

SATIRE.

UNLESS a love of virtue light the flame,
Satire is, more than those he brands, to blame;
He hides behind a magisterial air
His own offences, and strips others bare.

William Cowper.

SATIRE ON TRAVELLING.

WITH rev'rend tutor clad in habit lay,
To tease for cash and quarrel with all day;
With memorandum-book for ev'ry town,
And ev'ry post, and where the chaise broke down;

His stock, a few French phrases got by heart,
With much to learn, but nothing to impart :
The youth obedient to his sire's commands,
Sets off a wand'rer into foreign lands.
Surprised at all they meet, the gosling pair,
With awkward gait, stretch'd neck, and silly stare,
Discover huge cathedrals built with stone,
And steeples tow'ring high much like our own ;
But show peculiar light by many a grin,
At popish practices observed within.

William Cowper.

YOUTH AND AGE.

AND to say truth, though in its early prime,
And when unstain'd with any grosser crime,
Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,
That in the valley of decline are lost,
And virtue with peculiar charms appears,
Crown'd with the garland of life's blooming years ;
Yet age, by long experience well inform'd,
Well read, well temper'd, with religion warm'd,
That fire abated, which impels rash youth,
Proud of his speed, to overshoot the truth,
As time improves the grape's authentic juice,
Mellows and makes the speech more fit for use,
And claims a rev'rence in its short'ning day.
That 'tis an honor and a joy to pay.

William Cowper.

THOUGHT.

THOUGHT, to the man that never thinks, may seem
As natural as when asleep to dream ;
But reveries (for human minds will act)
Spacious in show impossible in fact,
Those flimsy webs ; that break as soon as wrought,
Attain not to the dignity of thought ;
Nor yet the swarms, that occupy the brain,
Where dreams of dress, intrigue, and pleasure reign.

William Cowper.

WOMEN.

HER women, insolent and self-caress'd
By vanity's unwearied finger dress'd,
Forgot the blush, that virgin fears impart
To modest cheeks, and borrow'd one from art;
Were just such trifles, without worth or use,
As silly pride and idleness produce:
Curl'd, scented, furbelow'd and flounc'd around,
With feet too delicate to touch the ground,
They stretch'd the neck, and roll'd the wanton eye,
And sigh'd for ev'ry fool that flutter'd by.

William Cowper.

MANNER.

MANNER is all in all, whate'er is writ,
The substitute for genius, sense, and wit,
To dally much with subjects mean and low
Proves that the mind is weak, or makes it so.
Neglected talents rust into decay,
And ev'ry effort ends in push-pin play.

William Cowper.

THE FOREST BY MIDNIGHT.

How sweet and solemn is the midnight scene!
The silver moon unclouded holds her way
Through skies where I could count each little star:
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry in aught can be believed.
Descending spirits have conversed with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

John Home.

SOLDIERS ON THE MARCH.

THE setting sun
With yellow radiance lightened all the vale:
And, as the warriors moved, each polished helm.

Corslet, or spear, glanced back in gilded beams.
The hill they climbed ; and halting at its top.
Of more than mortal size, towering, they seemed
An host angelic clad in burning arms.

John Home.

SONG TO MAY.

BORN in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces deck'd in flowery wreaths
And tiptoe joys their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glittering throng
On quivering fin and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive song,
And hail thee Goddess of the Spring!

Erasmus Darwin, 1731-1802.

ELIZA AT THE BATTLE OF MINDEN.

NEAR and more near the intrepid beauty press'd,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest,
Heard the exulting shout—"They run!—they run!"
"He's safe!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"
—A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some Fury wings it, and some Demon guides,)
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck:
The red stream issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.

—“ Ah me ! ” she cried, and sinking on the ground,
Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the wound :
“ Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn,
Wait, gushing life, oh ! wait my love's return ! ”—
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far.
The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of war ;—
“ Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age !
On me, on me,” she cried, “ exhaust your rage ! ”
Then with weak arms, her weeping babes caress'd,
And sighing, hid them in her blood-stain'd vest.

Erasmus Darwin.

SLAVERY.

HARK ! heard ye not that piercing cry,
Which shook the waves, and rent the sky !
E'en now, e'en now, on yonder Western shores
Weeps pale Despair, and writhing Anguish roars.
E'en now in Afric's groves with hideous yell
Fierce Slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of Hell ;
From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound,
And sable nations tremble at the sound !—
Ye bands of Senators ! whose suffrage sways
Britannia's realms ; whom either Ind obeys ;
Who right the injur'd, and reward the brave ;
Stretch your strong arms, for ye have pow'r to save !

Erasmus Darwin.

TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.

NATURE, who deck'd thy form with beauty's flowers,
Exhausted on thy soul her finer powers ;
Taught it with all her energy to feel
Love's melting softness, friendship's fervid zeal,
The generous purpose and the active thought,
With charity's diffusive spirit fraught.
There all the best of mental gifts she placed,
Vigor of judgment, purity of taste,
Superior parts without their spleenful leaven,
Kindness to earth and confidence in heaven.
While my fond thoughts o'er all thy merits roll,
Thy praise thus gushes from my filial soul ;

Nor will the public with harsh rigor blame
This my just homage to thy honored name ;
To please that public, if to please be mine,
Thy virtues train'd me—let the praise be thine.

William Hayley, 1745-1820.

ON THE TOMB OF MRS. UNWIN.

TRUSTING in God with all her heart and mind,
This woman proved magnanimously kind ;
Endured affliction's desolating hail,
And watch'd a poet through misfortune's vale.
Her spotless dust angelic guards defend !
It is the dust of Unwin, Cowper's friend.
That single title in itself is fame,
For all who read his verse revere her name.

William Hayley.

THE NABOB.

WHEN silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
Wi' many hopes and fears.
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine ?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne !

As I drew near my ancient pile,
My heart beat a' the way ;
Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak
O' some dear former day ;
Those days that follow'd me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' naething to langsyne.

Susanna Blamire, 1747-'94

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE.

WHAT ails this heart o' mine ?
What ails this watery ee ?
What gars me a' turn pale as death
When I take leave o' thee ?
When thou art far awa',
Thou'lt dearer grow to me ;
But change o' place and change o' folk
May gar thy fancy jee.

Susanna Blamire.

THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

SHOULD the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
And, though his path through thorns and roughness lay,
Pluck the wild rose or woodbine's gadding flowers ;
Weaving gay wreaths beneath some sheltering tree,
The sense of sorrow he a while may lose ;
So have I sought thy flowers, fair Poesy !
So charm'd my way with friendship and the Muse.
But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come :
Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb,
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more !

Charlotte Smith, 1749-1806.

THE APPLE DUMPLINGS AND A KING.

ONCE on a time, a monarch, tired with whooping,
Whipping and spurring.
Happy in worrying
A poor defenceless harmless buck
(The horse and ride wet as muck),
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Enter'd through curiosity a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finish'd apple dumplings for her pot :
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When lo ! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke, "What's this ? what's this ? what,
what ?"

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand ;
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple :
" 'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed ! " he cried,
"What makes it, pray, so hard ? " The dame replied,
Low curtsying, "Please your majesty, the apple."

"Very astonishing indeed ! strange thing !"
(Turning the dumpling round) rejoined the king.
" 'Tis most extraordinary, then, all this is—
It beats Pinette's conjuring all to pieces :
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream !
But, goody, tell me where, where, where's the seam ? "

"Sir, there's no seam," quoth she ; "I never knew
That folks did apple dumplings sew."
"No ! " cried the staring monarch, with a grin ;
"How, how the devil got the apple in ? "

John Walcot, 1738-1819.

DR. JOHNSON'S STYLE.

I OWN I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile,
Casts of manure a wagon-load around,
To raise a simple daisy from the ground ;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what ?
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat ;
Creates a whirlwind from the earth, to draw
A goose's feather or exalt a straw ;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter
To force up one poor nipperkin of water ;

Bids ocean labor with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore ;
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart !

John Wolcot.

THE RAZOR-SELLER.

"FRIEND," quoth the razor-man, "I'm no knave :

As for the razors you have bought,

Upon my word, I never thought

That they would shave."

"Not think they'd shave !" quoth Hodge, with wondering
eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ;

"What were they made for, then, you dog ?" he cries.

"Made !" quoth the fellow, with a smile—"to sell."

John Wolcot.

MAY DAY.

THE daises peep from every field,
And violets sweet their odor yield ;
The purple blossom paints the thorn,
And streams reflect the blush of morn.
Then lads and lasses, all be gay,
For this is nature's holiday.

Let lusty Labor drop his flail,
Nor woodman's hook a tree assail ;
The ox shall cease his neck to bow,
And Clodden yield to rest the plough.
Then Lads, etc.

Behold the lark in ether float,
While rapture swells the liquid note !
What warbles he, with merry cheer ?
"Let Love and Pleasure rule the year !"
Then lads, etc.

John Wolcot.

EPIGRAM ON SLEEP.

COME, gentle sleep ! attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair ;
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And, without dying, O how sweet to die !

John Wolcot.

A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

O ! HAST thou mark'd the summer's budded rose,
When 'mid the veiling moss its crimson glows ?
So bloom'd the beauty of that fairy form,
So her dark locks with golden tinges warm,
Play'd round the timid curve of that white neck,
And sweetly shaded half her blushing cheek.

Anna Seward, 1747-1809.

SONG.

THE season comes when first we met,
But you return no more ;
Why cannot I the days forget,
Which time can ne'er restore ?
O days too sweet, too bright to last,
Are you indeed for ever past ?

The fleeting shadows of delight,
In memory I trace ;
In fancy stop their rapid flight,
And all the past replace :
But, ah ! I wake to endless woes,
And tears the fading visions close !

Mrs. Anne Hunter, 1742-1821.

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

WHEN hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow close concealed,
We shrink lest looks or words impart
What must not be revealed.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep ;
 To speak when one would silent be ;
 To wake when one would wish to sleep,
 And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast
 Who wander in this world of care,
 And bend beneath the bitter blast,
 To save them from despair.

But Nature waits her guests to greet,
 Where disappointment cannot come
 And time guides with unerring feet
 The weary wanderers home.

Mrs. Anne Hunter, 1742-1821.

MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

SAW ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
 Saw ye my true love down on yon lea—
 Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming,
 Sought she the burnie where flowers the haw-tree ;
 Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,
 Dark is the blue of her soft rolling e'e ;
 Red, red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses.
 Where could my wee thing wander frae me ?

Hector Macneill, 1746-1818.

"COME UNTO ME."

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice—
 Come and make my paths your choice !
 I will guide you to your home—
 Weary pilgrim, hither come !

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

Ye who, toss'd on beds of pain,
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain—
 Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
 Watch to see the morning rise—

Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In strong remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care—
A wounded spirit who can bear !

Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows from every wound—
Peace, that ever shall endure—
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna L. Barbauld, 1743—1825.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

I READ God's awful name emblazon'd high,
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky ;
Nor less the mystic characters I see,
Wrought in each flower, inscribed on ev'ry tree ;
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk ;
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.

Anna L. Barbauld.

DIRGE.

PURE spirit ! O where art thou now ?
O whisper to my soul !
O let some soothing thought of thee,
This bitter grief control !

'Tis not for thee the tears I shed,
Thy sufferings now art o'er ;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.

No more the storms that wreck thy peace,
Shall tear that gentle breast ;
Nor Summer's rage, nor Winter's cold,
Thy poor, poor frame molest.

Thy peace is sealed, thy rest is sure;
 My sorrows are to come ;
 Awhile I weep and linger here,
 Then follow to the tomb.

Anna L. Barbauld.

THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.

SWEET is the scene when virtue dies !
 When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes.
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.

Anna L. Barbauld.

TO THE LARK.

MOUNT, child of morning, mount and sing,
 And gaily beat thy fluttering wing,
 And sound thy shrill alarms ;
 Bathed in the fountains of the dew,
 Thy sense is keen, thy joys are new ;
 The wide world opens to thy view,
 And spreads its earliest charms.

Far showered around, the hill, the plain,
 Catch the glad impulse of thy strain,
 And fling their veil aside ;
 While warm with hope and rapturous joy
 Thy thrilling lay rings cheerily,
 Love swells its notes and liberty,
 And youth's exulting pride,

Thy little bosom knows no ill,
 No gloomy thought, no wayward will ;
 'Tis sunshine all, and ease.
 Like thy own plumes, along the sky,
 Thy tranquil days glide smoothly by ;
 No track behind them as they fly
 Proclaims departed peace.

'Twas thus my earliest hopes aspired,
 'Twas thus, with youthful ardor fired,
 I vainly thought to soar;
 To snatch from fate the dazzling prize
 Beyond the beam of vulgar eyes.
 —Alas! th' unbidden sigh will rise:
 Those days shall dawn no more.

Anna L. Barbauld.

LIFE.

LIFE! we've been long together
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time,
 Say not "Good Night," but in some brighter clime
 Bid me "Good morning."

Anna L. Barbauld.

NONGTONGPAW.

JOHN BULL for pastime took a prance,
 Some time ago, to peep at France;
 To talk of science and of arts,
 And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts.
 Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,
 And answer'd John in heathen Greek:
 To all he ask'd, 'bout all he saw,
 'Twas, "Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas."

John, to the Palais-Royal come,
 Its splendor almost struck him dumb.
 "I say, whose house is that there here?"
 "House! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur."
 "What, Nongtongpaw again!" cried John;
 "This fellow is some mighty Don;
 "No doubt he's plenty for the maw,
 "I'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw."

Charles Dibdin, 1745-1814.

TRUE COURAGE.

WHY, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm a wiping?
A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way;
'Tis nonsense for trifles, I own, to be piping;
But they that ha'n't pity, why, I pities they.

Says the captain, says he (I shall never forget it),
"If of courage you'd know, lads, the true from
the sham;
'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it;
But, duty appeased, 'tis in mercy a lamb."

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the old one not
caring,—
Helter-skelter, to work, pelt away, cut and drive;
Swearing he, for his part, had no notion of sparing,
And as for a foe, why he'd eat him alive.

But when that he found an old prisoner he'd wounded,
That once saved his life as near drowning he swam,
The lion was tamed, and, with pity confounded,
He cried over him just all as one as a lamb.

Charles Dibdin.

POOR JACK.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
And it a'nt to a little I'll strike.
Though the tempest top-gallant mast smack smooth
should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the deck, stow the yards, and bouse everything tight,
And under reefed foresail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft,
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

Charles Dibdin.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempest tear,
 The main-mast by the board ;
 My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
 And love well stored,
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,
 In hopes on shore
 To be once more
 Safe moored with thee !

Charles Dibdin.

INDOLENCE.

TILL now, I've slept on life's tumultuous tide,
 No principle of action for my guide.
 From ignorance my chief misfortunes flow ;
 I never wished to learn, or cared to know ;
 With every folly slow-paced time beguiled ;
 In size a woman, but in soul a child.

Hannah More, 1745-1832.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

I NE'ER could any lustre see
 In eyes that would not look on me ;
 I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
 But where my own did hope to sip.
 Has the maid who seeks my heart
 Cheeks of rose, untouched by art ?
 I will own the color true,
 When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure ?
 I must press it, to be sure ;
 Nor can I be certain then,
 Till it, grateful, press again,
 Must I, with attentive eye,
 Watch her heaving bosom sigh ?
 I will do so, when I see
 That heaving bosom sigh for me.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 1751-1816.

HAD I A HEART.

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
 I ne'er could injure you ;
 For though your tongue no promise claimed,
 Your charms would make me true :
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong ;
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan,

ON PARTING WITH HIS BOOKS.

TEACHERS of wisdom ! who could once beguile
 My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
 I now resign you—nor with fainting heart,
 For, pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
 And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
 And all your sacred fellowship restore ;
 When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers.
 Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
 And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

William Roscoe, 1753-1831.

THE DAY OF REST.

How still the morning of the hallowed day !
 Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
 The ploughboy's whistle and the milk-maid's song.
 The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
 Of tedded grass, mingled with faded flowers,
 That yesternorn bloomed waving in the breeze ;
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
 The distant bleating midway up the hill.

James Grahame, 1765-1811

SCOTLAND.

AND must I leave,
 Dear land, thy bonny braes, thy dales,
 Each haunted by its wizard stream, o'erhung
 With all the varied charms of bush and tree ?

And must I leave the friends of youthful years,
And mould my heart anew, to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land,
And learn to love the music of strange tongues !

James Grahame.

THE BLIND MAN.

A MAN, indeed, he was a gentle soul,
Though bred to brave the deep : the lightning's flash
Had dimm'd, not closed, his mild but sightless eyes.
He was a welcome guest through all his range
(It was not wide) ; no dog would bay at him :
Children would run to meet him on his way,
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.
Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
The rushy cap and crown, of sedgy ship ;
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to thy spirit, that now looks on me
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see thee wandering darkling on thy way.

James Grahame.

THE GREAT SHEPHERD.

So the great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
Bedimm'd with showers ; then to the pastures green
He brings them where the quiet waters glide,
The stream of life, the Siloah of the soul.

James Grahame.

TO MY SON.

TWICE has the sun commenced his annual round,
Since first thy footsteps totter'd o'er the ground,
Since first thy tongue was tuned to bless mine ear,
By faltering out the name to father dear.

Oh ! nature's language, with her looks combined,
 More precious far than periods thrice refined !
 Oh ! sportive looks of love, devoid of guile,
 I prize you more than beauty's magic smile ;
 Yes, in that face, unconscious of its charm,
 I gaze with bliss unmingled with alarm.

James Grahame.

THE SOLDIER.

WHAT dreaming drone was ever blest,
 By thinking of the morrow ?
 To-day be mine—I leave the rest
 To all the fools of sorrow ;
 Give me the mind that mocks at care,
 The heart, its own defender ;
 The spirits that are light as air,
 And never beat surrender.

W. Smyth, 1766-1849.

NIGHT.

MYSTERIOUS Night ! when our first parent knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
 And lo ! creation widened in man's view.

J. Blanco White, 1775-1841.

SABBATH MORN.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
 That scarcely wakes while all the fields are still :
 A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
 A graver murmur echoes from the hill,
 And softer sings the linnnet from the thorn ;
 The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
 Hail, light serene ! hail, sacred Sabbath morn !

John Leyden, 1775-1811.

DREAMS OF YOUTH.

FADE, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade:
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy played,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

John Leyden.

THE MERMAID.

THE murmurs sink by slow degrees,
No more the waters round him rave;
Lull'd by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
Nor dares his tranced eyes unclose,
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song
Far in the crystal cavern rose.

Soft as that harp's unseen control,
In morning dreams which lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
But never reach the waking ear.

John Leyden.

GOLD.

FOR thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.

The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart; the grave
Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

John Leyden.

MUSIC.

Ah ! sure as Hindu legends tell,
 When music's tones the bosom swell,
 The scenes of former life return ;
 Ere, sunk beneath the morning star,
 We left our parent climes afar,
 Immur'd in mortal forms to mourn.

Or if, as ancient sages ween,
 Departed spirits, half unseen,
 Can mingle with the mortal throng,
 'Tis when from heart to heart we roll
 The deep-toned music of the soul,
 That warbles in our Scottish song.

John Leyden.

SCOTLAND.

LAND of my fathers !—though no mangrove here
 O'er thy blue streams her flexile branches rear ;
 Nor scaly palm her finger'd scions shoot ;
 Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit ;
 Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree ;—
 Land of dark heaths and mountains, thou art free !

Untainted yet, thy stream, fair Teviot ! runs
 With unatoned blood of Gambia's sons :
 No drooping slave, with spirit bow'd to toil,
 Grows, like the weed, self-rooted to the soil,
 Nor cringing vassal on these pansied meads
 Is bought and barter'd, as the flock he feeds.
 Free as the lark that carols o'er his head.

John Leyden.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

SWEET scenes of youth, to faithful memory dear,
 Still fondly cherish'd with the sacred tear,
 When, in the softened light of summer skies
 Full on my soul life's first illusions rise !

Sweet scenes of youthful bliss, unknown to pain !
I come, to trace your soothing haunts again,
To mark each grace that pleas'd my stripling prime,
By absence hallow'd, and endear'd by time.

John Leyden.

THE EVENING STAR.

FAIR Star ! though I be doom'd to prove
That rapture's tears are mixed with pain,
Ah, still I feel 'tis sweet to love !
But sweeter to be loved again.

John Leyden.

THE RUBY.

"WHEN on this ring of ruby red
Shall die," she said, "the crimson hue,
Know that thy favorite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue."

John Leyden.

ISAAC ASHFORD.

NEXT to these ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestion'd and his soul serene :
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid ;
At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd :
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace ;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face.

Geo. Crabbe, 1754-1832.

THE PARISH WORKHOUSE.

THERE children dwell who know no parents' care ;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there ;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives and mothers never wed.

Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears ;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they !
The moping idiot and the madman gay.

Geo. Crabbe.

PHCEBE DAWSON.

HER air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired ;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed ;
A native skill her simple robes express'd,
As with untutor'd elegance she dress'd.

Geo. Crabbe.

THE GIPSIES.

LAST in the group, the worn-out grandsire sits
Neglected, lost, and living but by fits ;
Useless, despised, his worthless labors done,
And half protected by the vicious son,
Who half-supports him, he with heavy glance
Views the young ruffians who around him dance,
And, by the sadness in his face, appears
To trace the progress of their future years ;
Through what strange course of misery, vice, deceit,
Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat ;
What shame and grief, what punishment and pain,
Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain,
Ere they like him approached their latter end,
Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend !

Geo. Crabbe.

THE DYING SAILOR.

ONE day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot ;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd, to think,
Yet said not so—" perhaps he will not sink : "
A sudden brightness in his look appear'd,
A sudden vigor in his voice was heard :—

She had been reading in the book of prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair ;
Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favorite few ;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all ;
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.

Geo. Crabbe.

EXPERIENCE.

WHEN all the fiercer passions cease
(The glory and disgrace of youth) ;
When the deluded soul in peace,
Can listen to the voice of truth ;
When we are taught in whom to trust
And how to spare, to spend, to give
(Our prudence kind, our pity just),
Tis then we rightly learn to live.

Geo. Crabbe.

AGE.

BEGIN the song ! begin the theme !—
Alas ! and is Invention dead ?
Dream we no more the golden dream ?
Is Mem'ry with her treasures fled ?
Yes, 'tis too late,—now Reason guides
The mind, sole judge in all debate ;
And thus th' important point decides,
For laurels, 'tis, alas ! too late.
What is possess'd we may retain,
But for new conquests strive in vain.

Geo. Crabbe.

SATIRE ON NOVELS.

I'VE often marvell'd, when by night, by day,
I've mark'd the manners moving in my way
And heard the language and beheld the lives
Of lass and lover, goddesses and wives,

That cooks, which promise much of life to give,
Should show so little how we truly live.

'To me it seems, their females and their men
Are but the creatures of the author's pen ;
Nay, creatures borrowed and again convey'd
From book to book—the shadows of a shade.

Geo. Crabbe.

GENIUS.

JOHN, thou'rt a genius ; thou hast some pretence,
I think, to wit, but hast thou sterling sense ?
That which, like gold, may thro' the world go forth,
And always pass for what 'tis truly worth ?
Whereas this genius, like a bill must take
Only the value our opinions make.

Geo. Crabbe.

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory !

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
See the front o' battle lower ;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha would fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa' ?
Let him on wi' me !

By Oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Let us do, or die !

Robert Burns 1759-'96.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that ?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 And dare be poor for a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that :
 The rank is but the guinea stamp :
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden-gray, and a' that ;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a' man, for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that.
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
 Is King o' men for a' that.

Robert Burns.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack, we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't,
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

Robert Burns.

EVANESCENT PLEASURES.

BUT pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
Or like a snow-flake in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever ;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

Robert Burns.

BONNIE LESLIE.

O saw ye bonnie Leslie
As she gaed o'er the border ?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever ;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither.

Robert Burns.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH IN NOVEMBER.

WEER, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie !

Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi, bickering brattle !
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi, murdering pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow mortal

Robert Burns.

JOHN ANDERSON.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven.
Your bonny brow was brent ;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow ;
But blessing on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither ;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Robert Burns.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA.

HERE's health to them that's awa,
And here's to them that's awa ;
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa' !

It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Robert Burns.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valor, the country of worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove.
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Robert Burns.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Now NATURE hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea ;
Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies ;
But nought can glad the wearied wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing ;
The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring ;
The mavis mild, wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest ;
In love and freedom they rejoice.
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae ;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae ;

The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang ;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

Robert Burns.

TO MARY.

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore ?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar ?

Oh, sweet grow the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine ;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true ;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow !

Oh, plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand ;
Oh, plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join ;
And curst be the cause that shall part us !—
The hour and the moments o' time !

Robert Burns.

A RED, RED ROSE.

Oh, my luv'e's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June ;
Oh, my luv'e's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luvè am I ;
 And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry ;

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun :
 I will luvè thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luvè !
 And fare thee weel a while !
 And I will come again, my luvè,
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly lo'e the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best ;
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between ;
 But, day and night, my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jeane.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair ;
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air :
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Robert Burns.

A ROSE-BUD.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

Robert Burns.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

To make a happy fireside clime,
To weans and wife—
That's the true pathos, and sublime
Of human life.

Robert Burns.

LOVE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

O HAPPY love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
“If Heav'n a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning
gale!”

Robert Burns.

TAM O' SHANTER.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market-days are wearin' late,
An' folk begin to tak' the gate:
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,

We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, an' stiles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

Robert Burns.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem:
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie Lark, companion meet!
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
 Wi' speckl'd breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Robert Burns.

JESSY.

HERE's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lover's meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Although thou maun never be mine,
 Although even hope is denied,
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in world beside—Jessy!
 Here's a health, etc.

Robert Burns.

ONE FOND KISS AND THEN WE SEVER.

ONE fond kiss, and then we sever !
One farewell, and then forever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of Hope she leaves him ?
Me, no cheerful twinkle lights me ;
Dark despair around benights me.

Robert Burns.

THE BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a man whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career
 Wild as the wave ;
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
 Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And softer flame ;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain'd his name !

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit ;
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-control*
 Is wisdom's root.

Robert Burns.

DEATH.

WHEN shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's joyless day :
My weary heart its throbbing cease,

Cold mould'ring in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face,
Enclasped, and grasped
Within thy cold embrace!

Robert Burns.

THE TRUE VALUE OF WEALTH.

To catch dame Fortune's golden snail,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justify'd by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

Robert Burns.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear through the vale;
The hawthorn-trees blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale;
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingring moments are numbered by care?
No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

Robert Burns.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years—
Anticipation forward points to view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due:

Robert Burns.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne !

Robert Burns.

DESPONDENCY.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear
I sit me down and sigh
O life ! thou art a galling load,
A long, a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I !

Robert Burns.

THE HIGHLAND POOR.

LET others bless the morning's reddening beam,
Foe to her peace—it breaks the illusive dream
That, in their prime of manly bloom confest,
Restored the long lost warriors to her breast ;
And as they strove, with smiles of filial love,
Their widowed parent's anguish to remove,
Through her small casement broke the intrusive day,
And chased the pleasing images away !
No time can e'er her banish'd joys restore,
For ah ! a heart once broken heals no more.

Mrs. Grant, 1754-1838.

STAFFA.

WHEN 'mid Iona's wrecks meanwhile
O'er sculptured graves I trod,
Where Time had strewn each mouldering aisle
O'er saints and kings that rear'd the pile,

I hail'd the eternal God :
 Yet, Staffa, more I felt his presence in thy cave
 Than where Iona's cross rose o'er the western wave.

William Sothedy, 1757-1833.

SONG.

No riches from his scanty store
 My lover could impart ;
 He gave a boon I valued more,
 He gave me all his heart

His soul sincere, his generous worth
 Might well this bosom move ;
 And when I asked for bliss on earth,
 I only meant his love.

Helen Maria Williams, 1762-1850.

THE LILY.

How withered, perish'd seems the form
 Of yon obscure unsightly root !
 Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
 It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
 No beauty in the scaly folds,
 Nor see within the dark embrace
 What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
 The lily wraps her silver vest,
 Till vernal suns and vernal gales
 Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

* * * * *

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
 Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
 And bid her thus her hopes intrust.
 And watch with patient, cheerful eye ;

And bear the long, cold wintry night,
 And bear her own degraded doom;
 And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
 Eternal spring! shall burst the gloom.

Mary Tighe, 1773-1832

HAGAR IN THE DESERT.

INJURED, hopeless, faint, and weary,
 Sad, indignant, and forlorn,
 Through the desert wild and dreary,
 Hagar ~~holds~~ the child of scorn.

Who can speak a mother's anguish,
 Painted in that tearless eye,
 Which beholds her darling languish,
 Languish unrelieved, and die.

Lo! the empty pitcher fails her,
 Perishing with thirst he lies,
 Death with deep despair assails her,
 Piteous as for aid he cries.

From the dreadful image flying,
 Wild she rushes from the sight;
 In the agonies of dying
 Can she see her soul's delight?

Mary Tighe.

CAPRICE.

THE tears capricious beauty loves to shed,
 The pouting lip, the sullen silent tongue,
 May wake the impassioned lover's tender dread,
 And touch the spring that clasps his soul so strong;
 But ah, beware! the gentle power too long
 Will not endure the frown of angry strife;
 He shuns contention, and the gloomy throng
 Who blast the joys of calm domestic life,
 And flies when discord shakes her brand with quarrels
 rife.

Mary Tighe.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

KEEN blaws the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The auld castle turrets are cover'd with snaw;
 How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
 Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw!
 The wild flowers o' summer were spread a' sae bonnie,
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
 But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnnie,
 And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Robert Tannahill, 1774-1810.

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin'
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom!
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonnie;
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain:
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening;
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen:
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

Robert Tannahill.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

THE midges dance aboon the burn;
 The dews begin to fa';
 The pairicks down the rushy holm
 Set up their e'ening ca'.

Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While flitting gay the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Robert Tannahill.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

FRIENDS, that parting tear reserve it,
Though 'tis doubly dear to me ;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be !
Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew :
Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu !

Richard Gall, 1776-1801.

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

NEGLECTED now the early daisy lies ;
Nor thou, pale primrose, bloom'st the only prize ;
Advancing Spring profusely spreads abroad
Flowers of all hues, with sweetest fragrance stored ;
Where'er she treads, love gladdens every plain,
Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid train ;
Sweet hope with conscious brow before her flies,
Anticipating wealth from Summer skies ;
All nature feels her renovating sway ;
The sheep-fed pasture, and the meadow gay ;
And trees, and shrubs, no longer budding seen,
Display the new-grown branch of lighter green ;
On airy downs the shepherd idling lies,
And sees to-morrow in the marbled skies.

Robert Bloomfield, 1766-1823.

BIRDS SINGING.

THE blackbird strove with emulation sweet,
And Echo answered from her close retreat.
The sporting whitethroat, on some twig's end borne,
Poured hymns to freedom and the noisy morn ;

Stopped in her song, perchance, the starting thrush
Shook a white shower from the blackthorn bush,
Where dewdrops thick as early blossoms hung,
And trembled as the minstrels sweetly sung.

Robert Bloomfield.

LAMBS AT PLAY.

AWAY they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along,
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every molehill is a bed of thyme ;
There panting stop, yet scarcely can refrain,—
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again ;
Or if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scattering the wild briar roses into snow,
Their little limbs, increasing efforts try ;
Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly.

Robert Bloomfield.

THE FARMER.

THE farmer's life displays in every part
A moral lesson to the sensual heart,
Though in the lap of plenty, thoughtful still,
He looks beyond the present good or ill ;
Nor estimates alone one blessing's worth,
From changeful seasons, or capricious earth !
But views the future with the present hours
And looks for failures as he looks for showers ;

Robert Bloomfield.

SONG OF ROGERO.

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in.
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in—

Alas, Matilda *then* was true !

At least I thought so at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

Geo. Canning, 1770-1817

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale,
Ah ! sure my looks must pity wake,
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy ;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child ! how pleased was I
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame !
To force me home my mother sought,
She could not bear to see my joy ;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears ;
" Rejoice ! rejoice ! " still cried the crowd ;
My mother answer'd with her tears.
" Why are you crying thus," said I,
" While others laugh and shout with joy ? "
She kiss'd me—and with such a sigh !
She call'd me her poor orphan boy.

Amelia Opie, 1769-1853

GO, YOUTH BELOVED.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find !
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind,

Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to snare,
Must never be my happy lot ;
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
Forget me not ! forget me not !

Amelia Opie.

I KNOW YOU FALSE.

I KNOW you false, I know you vain,
Yet still I cannot break my chain ;
Though with those lips so sweetly smiling,
Those eyes so bright and so beguiling,
On every youth by turns you smile,
And every youth by turns beguile,
Yet still enchant and still deceive me,
Do all things, fatal fair, but leave me.

Amelia Opie.

ADDRESS TO A DYING FRIEND.

THERE is light on the hill, and the valley is past !
Ascend, happy pilgrim ! thy labors are o'er !
The sunshine of heaven around thee is cast,
And thy weak doubting footsteps can falter no more

Amelia Opie.

IMPRESS OF THE CREATOR.

THERE's not a leaf within the bower,
There's not a bird upon the tree,
There's not a dewdrop on the flower,
But bears the impress, Lord, of Thee.

Amelia Opie.

HOPE.

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,
Weary has watch'd the lingering night, and heard,
Heartless, the carol of the matin bird
Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed ;
He the green slope and level meadow views,

Delightful bathed in slow ascending dews ;
Or marks the clouds that o'er the mountain's head,
In varying forms, fantastic wander white ;
Or turns his ear to every random song
Heard the green river's winding marge along,
The whilst each sense is steep'd in still delight :
With such delight, o'er all my heart I feel
Sweet Hope ! thy fragrance pure and healing incense
steal.

Wm. Lisle Bowles, 1762-1850.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONERS.

WHEN evening listened to the dripping oar,
Forgetting the loud city's ceaseless roar,
By the green banks, where Thames, with conscious pride,
Reflects that stately structure on his side,
Within those walls as their long labors close,
The wanderers of the ocean find repose,
We wore in social ease the hours away,
The passing visit of a summer's day.

Wm. Lisle Bowles.

THE GREENWOOD

OH ! when 't is summer weather,
And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,
The waters clear is humming round,
And the cuckoo sings unseen,
And the leaves are waving green—
Oh ! then 't is sweet,
In some retreat,
To hear the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth alone we love,
And to wind through the greenwood together.

But when 'tis winter weather,
And crosses grieve,
And friends deceive,
And rain and sleet
The lattice beat,—

Oh ! then 't is sweet
To sit and sing
Of the friends with whom, in the days of Spring,
We roam'd through the greenwood together.

Wm. Lisle Bowles.

COME TO THESE SCENES OF PEACE.

COME to these scenes of peace,
Where, to rivers murmuring,
The sweet birds all the Summer sing
Where cares, and toil, and sadness cease !
Stranger, does thy heart deplore
Friends whom thou wilt see no more ?
Does thy wounded spirit prove
Pangs of hopeless, sever'd love ?
Thee, the stream that gushes clear—
Thee, the birds that carol near
Shall soothe, as silent thou dost lie
And dream of their wild lullaby ;
Come to bless these scenes of peace,
Where cares and toil, and sadness cease.

Wm. Lisle Bowles.

THE CHRISTIAN'S LIGHT.

OH ! what is this which shines so bright,
And in the lonely place
Hangs out his small green lamp at night,
The dewy bank to grace ?

It is a glow-worm—still and pale
It shines the whole night long,
When only stars, Oh ! nightingale,
Seem list'ning to thy song.

And so, amid the world's cold night,
Through good report or ill,
Shines out the humble Christian's light,
As lonely and as still.

Wm. Lisle Bowles.

THE GENTLE VOICE.

WHOSE was that gentle voice, that whispering sweet,
Promised methought long days of bliss sincere?
Soothing it stole on my deluded ear,
Most like soft music, that might sometimes cheat
Thoughts dark and drooping! 'Twas the voice of Hope.

Wm. Lisle Bowles.

TO TIME.

O TIME, who knowest a lenient hand to lay,
Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceived away:
On thee I rest my only hopes at last;
And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear,
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on many a sorrow past,
And greet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunshine of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings be wet the while.
But ah! what ills must that poor heart endure,
Who hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure.

Wm. Lisle Bowles.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

HER, by her smile, how soon the stranger knows;
How soon by his the glad discovery shows,
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word,
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung
(That name most dear forever on his tongue),
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings:

How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and bliss for bliss impart:
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love.

Samuel Rogers, 1763-1855.

MELANCHOLY.

Go! you may call it madness, folly—
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not if I could be gay.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure
That fills my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure
Monarchs are too poor to buy!

Samuel Rogers.

THE OLD ANCESTRAL MANSION.

Now stained with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
When round on ample board, in due degree,
We sweetened every meal with social glee.
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest;
And all was sunshine in each little breast.
'Twas here we chased the slipper by the sound;
And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.
'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring;
And Fancy fluttered on her wildest wing.
Giants and genii chained each wondering ear;
And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wandered in the wood,
Or viewed the forest-feats of Robin Hood:
Oft fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With startling step we scaled the lonely tower;
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murdered by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.

Samuel Rogers.

HUMAN LIFE.

AND once, alas ! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weeping heard where only joy has been ;
When, by his children borne, and from his door,
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is human life ; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone !
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wond'rous change,
As any that the wand'ring tribes require,
Stretch'd in the desert round their evening fire ;
As any sung of old, in hall or bower,
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour !

Samuel Rogers.

THE VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

CHOSEN of men ! 'Twas thine, at noon of night
First from the prow to hail the glimmering light
(Emblem of Truth divine, whose secret ray
Enters the soul and makes the darkness day !):
“ Pedro ! Rodrigo ! there methought it shone !
There—in the west ; and now, alas ! 'tis gone !—
'Twas all a dream ! we gaze and gaze in vain !
But mark and speak not, there it comes again !
It moves !—what form unseen, what being there
With torch-light lustre fires the murky air ?
His instincts, passions, say, how like our own !
Oh ! when will day reveal a world unknown ? ”

Samuel Rogers.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

THE school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn ;

Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here ;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams !

Samuel Rogers.

A SIMILE.

THE soul of music slumbers in its shell
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell ;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.

Samuel Rogers.

THE CULTIVATED MIND

WHOSE mind, profan'd by no unhallow'd guest,
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best
May range, at will, bright fancy's golden clime,
Or, musing, mount where science sits sublime,
Or wake the spirit of departed time.
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,
A blooming Eden in his life reviews !
So richly cultur'd every native grace,
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace :
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh !
The weary waste that lengthen'd as he ran,
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span !

Samuel Rogers.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the sun ! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields o' light ;
And where the flowers of paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shal. thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy !

Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day.

Samuel Rogers.

ON A TEAR.

Oh that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure !
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

Samuel Rogers.

MY NATIVE VALE.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there ;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager ;
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

Samuel Rogers.

MEMORY.

HAIL, Memory, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine,
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine !
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway.
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone,
The only pleasure we can call our own.

Samuel Rogers.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky ;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus break,
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud—the night was dark ;
 The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

Henry Kirke White, 1785-1806

DESPONDENCY.

YES, 'twill be over soon.—This sickly dream
 Of life will vanish from my feverish brain ;
 And death my wearied spirit will redeem
 From this wild region of unvaried pain.

Henry Kirke White

THE CITIES OF THE PAST.

WHERE is *Rome* ?

She lives but in the tale of other times ;
 Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home ;
 And her long colonnades, her public walks,
 Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet
 Who comes to muse to solitude, and trace,
 Through the rank moss revealed, her honored dust.
 But not to Rome alone has fate confined
 The doom of ruin ; cities numberless.
 Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon and Troy,

And rich Phœnicia—they are blotted out,
Half-razed from memory, and their very name
And being in dispute.

Henry Kirke White.

TO THE NIGHT.

THOU, spirit of the spangled night !
I woo thee from the watch-tower high,
Where thou dost sit to guide the bark
Of lonely mariner.

The winds are whistling o'er the wolds,
The distant main is moaning low ;
Come, let us sit and weave a song—
A melancholy song !

Sweet is the scented gale of morn,
And sweet the noontide's fervid beam,
But sweeter far the solemn calm
That marks thy mournful reign.

Henry Kirke White.

CHILDHOOD.

PICTURED in memory's mellowing glass, how sweet
Our infant days, our infant joys to greet ;
To roam in fancy in each cherished scene,
The village churchyard, and the village green.
The woodland walk remote, the greenwood glade,
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's shade,
The whitewashed cottage, where the woodbine grew,
And all the favorite haunts our childhood knew !
How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,
To view the unclouded skies of former days !

Henry Kirke White.

PLEASURE.

SAY, why does man, while to his opening sight
Each shrub presents a source of chaste delight,
And Nature bids for him her treasures flow,
And gives to him alone his bliss to know,

Why does he pant for Vice's deadly charms ?
Why clasp the siren Pleasure to his arms ?
And suck deep draughts of her voluptuous breath,
Though fraught with ruin, infamy, and death ?

Henry Kirke White.

THE HERB ROSEMARY.

SWEET-SCENTED flower ! who are wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume !
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow ;
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
The melody of death.

Henry Kirke White.

ODE TO THOUGHT.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

HENCE away, vindictive Thought !
Thy pictures are of pain ;
The visions through thy dark eye caught,
They with no gentle charms are fraught,
So prithee back again.
I would not weep,
I wish to sleep,
Then why, thou busy foe, with me thy vigils keep ?

Henry Kirke White.

SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow ;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home ;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

Henry Kirk White.

EARTHLY CARE.

THEN since this world is vain,
And volatile, and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where dust corrupts, and moth destroys
And care and sorrows eat ?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be
still ?

Henry Kirk White.

MORNING.

Lo ! on the eastern summit, clad in gray,
Morn, like a horseman girt for travel,
And from his tower of mist
Night's watchman hurries down.

Henry Kirk White.

MUSIC.

HARK how it falls ! and now it steals along
Like distant bells upon the lake at eve
When all is still ; and now it grows more strong,
As when the choral train their dirges weave,
Hollow and many-voiced ; where every close,
O'er the old minster's roof, in echoing waves reflows.

Henry Kirk White.

THE VICTORY OF BRUNNENBURG.

PERO BERMUEZ heard the word, but he could not refrain,
He held the banner in his hand, he gave his horse the rein ;
" You see yon foremost squadron there, the thickest of
the foes,
Noble Cid, God be your aid, for there your banner goes !
Let him that serves and honors it, show the duty that he
owes."
Earnestly the Cid call'd out, " For heaven's sake be still !"
Bermuez cried, " I cannot hold," so eager was his will.
He spurr'd his horse, and drove him on amid the Moorish
rout :
They strove to win the banner, and compass'd him about.
Had not his armor been so true, he had lost either life or
limb ;
The Cid call'd out again, " For heaven's sake succor him !"
Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest levell'd fair and low ;
Their banners and their crests waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down towards the saddle-bow.

J. H. Frere, 1769-1846.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

BLOUNT and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill,
On which (for far the day was spent)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view.
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
" Unworthy office here to stay !
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
But see ! look up—on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."
And sudden as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war.

As down the hill they broke ;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march ; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—

Sir Walter Scott, 1771-1832.

THE BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell.
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear.
For life ! for life ! their plight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.

Sir Walter Scott.

CHRISTMAS.

AND well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night ;
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung ;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung :
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;
The hall was dressed with holly green ;
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe.

Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
Their heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose ;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of " post and pair."'
And hailed with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

Sir Walter Scott.

EVENING AT ROKEBY.

WILFRID, whose fancy-nurtured soul
Felt in the scene a soft control.
With lighter footstep pressed the ground,
And often paused to look around ;
And, though his path was to his love,
Could not but linger in the grove,
To drink the thrilling interest dear
Of awful pleasure checked by fear.
Such inconsistent moods have we.

Sir Walter Scott.

KING JAMES IV.

AN easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know.
Although, his courtesy to show,
He doffed to Marmion bending low,
His broidered cap and plume.
For Royal was his garb and mien ;
His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
Trinmed with the fur of martin wild ;
His vest of changeful satin sheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled ;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,
The thistle brave, of old renown :

His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a baldric bright;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was buttoned with a ruby rare:
And Marmion deemed he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

AND ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form or lovelier face;
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.

Sir Walter Scott.

A LANDSCAPE.

FAR in the chambers of the west,
The gale had sighed itself to rest;
The moon was cloudless now and clear,
But pale, and soon to disappear.
The thin gray clouds wax dimly light
On Brusleton and Houghton height;
And the rich dale, that eastward lay,
Waited the wakening touch of day,
To give its woods and cultured plain,
And towers and spires, to light again.

Sir Walter Scott.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle ! come, hearken my tale,
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE DEATH OF MARMION

WITH fruitless labor, Clara bound,
And strove to staunch the gushing wound:
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers ;
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
" In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying ! "
So the notes rung ;
" Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand
Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—
Oh look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine :
Oh think on faith and bliss !—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."—
The war, that, for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And—STANLEY ! was the cry ;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye :
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted " Victory !
Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on ! "
Were the last words of Marmion.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE GRAVE OF MARMION.

THEY dug his grave e'en where he lay,
But every mark is gone ;
Time's wasting hand has done away
The simple Cross of Sybil Gray,
And broke her font of stone :
But yet from out the little hill
Oozes the slender springlet still,
Oft halts the stranger there,
For thence may best his curious eye
The memorable field descry ;
And shepherd boys repair
To seek the water-flag and rush, .
And rest them by the hazel bush,
And plait their garlands fair ;
Nor dream they sit upon the grave,
That holds the bones of Marion brave.

Sir Walter Scott.

SOLDIER, REST !

SOLDIER, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy streams of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more ;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

Sir Walter Scott.

BORDER BALLAD.

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale !
Why the de'il dinna ye march forward in order ?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale !
All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border !

Many a banner spread
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story.
Mount and make ready, then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing ;
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe ;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing ;
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow
Trumpets are sounding ;
War-steeds are bounding ;
Stand to your arms, and march in good order,
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

Sir Walter Scott.

FLORA MAC-IVOR'S SONG.

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart, and benumbed every hand !
The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust ;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse !
Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.
But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last ;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze

Sir Walter Scott.

SCOTLAND.

O CALEDONIA stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires, what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand ?
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old ;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy ;
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of border chivalry ;
For well-a-day ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

LET merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear ;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipped in dew ;
On favored Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green—
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;
And while his crown of laurel-leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Sir Walter Scott.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
" This is my own—my Native Land ! "
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wand'ring on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go—mark him well :
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown ;
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung !

Sir Walter Scott.

PITT AND FOX.

WITH more than mortal powers endowed,
How high they soared above the crowd !
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;
Like fabled gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar :
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Looked up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of PITT and Fox alone.

Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these.
The wine of life is on the lees,
Genius and taste and talent gone,
For ever tombed beneath the stone,
Where, taming thought to human pride,
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.

Sir Walter Scott.

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sere :
Late, gazing down the steepy linn
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trilled the streamlet through :
Now murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown, with doubled speed
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

Sir Walter Scott.

CONSTANCY.

WHEN the tempest's at the loudest,
On its gale the eagle rides ;
When the ocean rolls the proudest,
Through the foam the sea-bird glides—
All the range of wind and sea
Is subdued by constancy.

Gnawing want and sickness pining,
All the ills that men endure,
Each their various pangs combining,
Constancy can find a cure :

Pain, and Fear, and Poverty,
Are subdued by constancy.

Bar me from each wonted pleasure,
Make me abject, mean and poor;
Heap on insults without measure,
Chain me to a dungeon floor—
I'll be happy, rich, and free,
If endowed with constancy.

Sir Walter Scott.

A POETIC FANCY.

CALL it not vain :—they do not err
Who say, that when the Poet dies,
Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies ;
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed Bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Sir Walter Scott.

LOVE.

IN peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above ;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love

Sir Walter Scott.

LOCHINVAR.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late,
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

Sir Walter Scott.

SONG OF MEG MERRILIES AT THE BIRTH OF AN
INFANT.

Twist ye, twine ye ! even so,
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending !

Passions wild, and follies vain,
Pleasure soon exchanged for pain ;
Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle
Whirling with the whirling spindle.
Twist ye, twine ye ! even so,
Mingle human bliss and woe.

Sir Walter Scott.

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, re-appearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow ?

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the corrie,
Sage council in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber !
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain.
Thou art gone, and forever !

Sir Walter Scott.

STANZA.

THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

Sir Walter Scott.

WANDERING WILLIE.

ALL joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
And climbed the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea ;
Oh, weary betide it ! I wandered beside it,
And banned it for parting my Willie and me :

Sir Walter Scott.

THE BIBLE.

WITHIN that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Happiest they of human race
To whom God has granted grace

To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Sir Walter Scott.

PATERNAL LOVE.

SOME feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,—
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,—
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.

Sir Walter Scott.

TIME.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless
course.

Sir Walter Scott.

BOAT SONG.

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honored and blessed be the ever-green pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Sir Walter Scott.

THE LOVER.

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever,
From his true maiden's breast
Parted forever ?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE DECEIVER.

WHERE shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her ?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

Sir Walter Scott.

WOMAN.

O WOMAN ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !—

Sir Walter Scott.

ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGENE.

A WARRIOR so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Conversed as they sat on the green ;
They gazed on each other with tender delight :
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight—
The maiden's, the Fair Imogene.

"And, oh!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand!"

"Oh! hush these suspicions," fair Imogene said,
"Offensive to love and to me;
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogene be.

Matthew G. Lewis, 1773-1818.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

WHEN the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented
(The list of what fate for each mortal intends),
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipp'd in three blessings—wife, children, and
friends.

William R. Spencer, 1770-1834.

BETH GELERT.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn,
And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,
"Come, Gelert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

William R. Spencer.

AUTUMN.

LET blooming Spring with gaudy hopes delight
That dazzling Summer shall of her be born;
Let Summer blaze; and Winter's stormy train
Breathe awful music in the ear of Night;
Thee will I court, sweet dying Maid forlorn,
And from thy glance will catch the inspired strain.

Sir Egerton Brydges, 1762-1837.

THE FALL OF EMPIRES.

SOON fleets the sunbright form, by man adored !
Soon fell the head of gold to Time a prey,
The arms, the trunk, his cankering tooth devour'd,
And whirlwinds blew the iron dust away.
Where dwelt imperial Timur, far astray
Some lonely musing pilgrim now inquires ;
And, rack'd by storms and hastening to decay,
Mohammed's mosque foresees its final fires,
And Rome's more lordly temple day by day expires.

Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817.

ENGLAND.

In thee, O Albion ! queen of nations, live
Whatever splendors earth's wide realms have known ;
In thee proud Persia sees her pomp revive,
And Greece her arts, and Rome her lordly throne ;
By every wind thy Tyrian fleets are blown ;
Supreme, on Fame's dread roll, thy heroes stand.
All ocean's realms thy naval sceptre own ;
Of bards, of sages, how august they band !
And one rich Eden blooms around thy garden'd land.

Timothy Dwight.

THE MARCH OF EMPIRE.

SOME land, scarce glimmering in the light of fame,
Sceptred with arts and arms (if I divine),
Some unknown wild, some shore without a name,
In all thy pomp shall then majestic shine,
As silver-headed Time's slow years decline,
Not ruins only meet the inquiring eye ;
Where round yon mouldering oak vain brambles twine,
The filial stem, already towering high,
Ere long shall stretch his arms, and nod in yonder sky.

Timothy Dwight.

CHARACTER OF MCFINGAL

WHEN Yankees, skill'd in martial rule,
First put the British troops to school ;

Instructed them in warlike trade,
And new manœuvres of parade ;
And true war-dance of Yankee-reels,
And *manual exercise* of heels ;
Made them give up, like saints complete,
The arm of flesh, and trust the feet,
And work, like Christians undissembling,
Salvation out by fear and trembling ;
Taught Percy fashionable races,
And modern modes of Chevy-Chaces :
From Boston, in his best array,
Great Squire McFingal took his way,
And graced with ensigns of renown,
Steer'd homeward to his native town.

John Trumbull, 1750-1831.

THE DYING INDIAN.

PERPLEX'D with doubts, and tortured with despair,
Why so dejected at this hopeless sleep ?
Nature at last these ruins may repair,
When fate's long dream is o'er, and she forgets to weep ;
Some real world once more may be assign'd,
Some new-born mansion for the immortal mind !
Farewell, sweet lake ; farewell, surrounding woods
To other groves, through midnight glooms I stray,
Beyond the mountains and beyond the floods

Beyond the Huron bay !

Prepare the hollow tomb, and place me low,
My trusty bow and arrows by my side,
The cheerful bottle and the venison store,
For long the journey is that I must go,
Without a partner, and without a guide."

Philip Freneau, 1752-1832.

WESTERN EMIGRATION.

With all that's ours, together let us rise,
Seek brighter plains, and more indulgent skies ;
Where fair Ohio rolls his amber tide,
And nature blossoms in her virgin pride ;

Where all that Beauty's hand can form to please
Shall crown the toils of war with rural ease.

The shady coverts and the sunny hills,
The gentle lapse of ever-murmuring rills,
The soft repose amid the noontide bowers,
The evening walk among the blushing flowers,
The fragrant groves, that yield a sweet perfume,
And vernal glories in perpetual bloom
Await you there ; and heaven shall bless the toil :
Your own the produce, and your own the soil.

There, free from envy, cankering care and strife,
Flow the calm pleasures of domestic life ;
There, free from envy, cankering care and strife,
Flow the calm pleasures of domestic life ;
There mutual friendship soothes each placid breast ;
Blest in themselves, and in each other blest,
From house to house the social glee extends,
For friends in war in peace are doubly friends.

David Humphreys, 1753-1818.

BURNING OF NEW ENGLAND VILLAGES.

THROUGH solid curls of smoke, the bursting fires
Climb in tall pyramids above the spires,
Concentrating all the winds ; whose forces, driven
With equal rage from every point of heaven,
Whirl into conflict, round the scantling pour
The twisting flames, and through the rafters roar.

Joel Barlow, 1755-1812.

CRIMES AND PUNISHMENT.

SAY, legislators, for what end design'd
This waste of lives, this havoc of mankind ?
Say, by what right (one case exempt alone)
Do ye prescribe, that blood can crimes atone ?
If, when our fortunes frown, and dangers press,
To act the Roman's part be to transgress ;
For man the use of life alone commands ;
The fee residing in the granter's hands.

Sir John Honeywood, 1765-'98.

THE WANTS OF MAN.

"MAN wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with me exactly so,
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

John Quincy Adams, 1767-1848.

TO WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

In these cold shades, beneath these shifting skies,
Where Fancy sickens, and where Genius dies;
Where few and feeble are the muse's strains,
And no fine frenzy riots in the veins,
There still are found a few to whom belong
The fire of virtue and the soul of song;
Whose kindling ardor still can wake the strings,
When learning triumphs, and when Gifford sings.
To thee the lowliest bard his tribute pays,
His little wild-flower to thy wreath conveys;
Pleased, if permitted round thy name to bloom,
To boast one effort rescued from the tomb.

Wm. Clifton, 1772-'99.

LOVE AND GLORY.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth
As ever graced a martial story;
And Jane was fair as lovely truth:
She sighed for Love, and he for Glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant story;
Till war, their coming joys to blight,
Called him away from Love to Glory.

Young Henry met the foe with pride ;
 Jane followed, fought ! ah, hapless story !—
 In man's attire, by Henry's side,
 She died for Love, and he for Glory.

Thomas Dibdin, 1771-1841

ALL'S WELL.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
 When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
 On tower, or fort, or tented ground,
 The sentry walks his lonely round ;
 And should a footstep haply stray
 Where caution marks the guarded way ;
 "Who goes there ? Stranger, quickly tell."
 "A friend" — "The word." "Good night ;" "All's
 well."

Thomas Dibdin.

THE WORLD.

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not. Great God ! I'd rather be
 A pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
 Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Wm. Wordsworth, 1770-1850

HONOUR.

SAY, what is Honour ? 'Tis the finest sense
 Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,
 Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
 And guard the way of life from all offence

Suffered or done. When lawless violence
A kingdom doth assault, and in the scale
Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,
Honor is hopeful elevation—whence
Glory—and Triumph. Yet with politic skill
Endangered states may yield to terms unjust,
Stoop their proud heads—but, not unto the dust,
A foe's most favorite purpose to fulfil !
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
Are forfeited ; but infamy doth kill,

William Wordsworth.

A MEMORY.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, " A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown :
This child I to myself will take :
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

William Wordsworth.

EVENING.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea :
Listen ! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder everlastingly.
Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature therefore is not less divine :
Thou liest " in Abraham's bosom " all the year ;
And worshipp'st at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

Wm. Wordsworth.

SWITZERLAND.

Two voices are there—one is of the sea,
One of the mountains—each a mighty voice :
In both from age to age, thou didst rejoice.
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven ;
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;
For, high-souled maid, what sorrow would it be
That mountain floods should thunder as before,
And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee !

Wm. Wordsworth.

MILTON : 1802.

MILTON ! thou should'st be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee : she is a fen
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men :
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea ;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free ;
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

Wm. Wordsworth.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN daughter of the voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;

Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free ;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

Wm. Wordsworth.

A TRUE WOMAN.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

Wm. Wordsworth.

LIFE.

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy ;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

William Wordsworth

TWILIGHT.

HAIL Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour !
Not dull art thou as undiscerning Night ;
But studious only to remove from sight
Day's mutable distinctions. Ancient power !
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen
The selfsame vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy power, brought forth ;
These mighty barriers, and the gulf between ;
The floods,—the stars ; a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth !

William Wordsworth.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice :
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear !
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near !

I hear thee babbling to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers ;
And unto me thou bring'st a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

William Wordsworth.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDREN.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it has been of yore ;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more !

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,—
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

William Wordsworth.

THE FLIGHT OF THE LARK.

UP with me ! up with me, into the clouds !
For thy song, Lark, is strong ;
UP with me, up with me, into the clouds !
Singing, singing,
With all the heavens about thee ringing.
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind !

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary ;
Had I now the wings of a fairy,
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine ;
UP with thee, up with me, high and high,
To thy banqueting-place in the sky !

Wm Wordsworth.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

O NIGHTINGALE ! thou surely art
A creature of a fiery heart :—
These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce ;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce !
Thou sing'st as if the god of wine
Had helped thee to a valentine !
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent night ;
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.

I heard a stock-dove sing, or say,
His homely tale this very day ;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze ;
He did not cease ; but cooed—and cooed,
And somewhat pensively he wooed ;
He sang of love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending ;
Of serious faith and inward glee ;
That was the song—the song for me !

Wm. Wordsworth.

TO THE DAISY.

IN youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy ;
But now my own delights I make,—
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And Nature's love of thee partake,
Her much-loved daisy !

The Winter in the garland wears,
That thinly decks his few gray hairs ;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee ;

Whole Summer-fields are thine by right,
And Autumn, melancholy wight !
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

Wm. Wordsworth.

THE ECHO.

YES, it was the mountain echo,
Solitary, clear, profound,
Answering to the shouting cuckoo,
Giving to her sound for sound !

Unsolicited reply
To a babbling wanderer sent ;
Like her ordinary cry,
Like—but, oh, how different !

Hears not also mortal life ?
Hear not we, unthinking creatures !
Slaves of folly, love, and strife,
Voices of two different natures ?

Have not we too ?—yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence ;
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognized intelligence !

Such rebounds our inward ear
Often catches from afar ;—
Giddy mortals ? hold them dear,
For of God,—of God they are.

Wm. Wordsworth.

TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

Wm. Wordsworth.

THE PRAISE OF DAPHNE.

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phœbus wont to wear
"The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair,"
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transformed, took root,
A laurel in the grove.

Then did the Penitent adorn
His brow with laurel green ;
And 'mid his bright locks, never shorn,
No meaner leaf was seen ;
And Poets sage, through every age,
About their temples wound
The bay ; and Conquerors thanked the gods,
With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabling Time
So far runs back the praise
Of Beauty, that disdains to climb
Along forbidden ways ;
That scorns temptation ; power defies
Where mutual love is not ;
And to the tomb for a rescue flies
When life would be a blot.

William Wordsworth.

TO A SNOWDROP.

LONE flower, hemmed in with snows, and white as they,
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day
Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, waylay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend ;
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise ! Blue-eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set

With bright jonquils, their odors lavishing
On the soft west wind and his frolic peers ;
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste Snowdrop, venturous harbinger of spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years !

William Wordsworth.

THE SEVEN SISTERS ;

OR, THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.

SEVEN daughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother :
I could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A garland of seven lilies wrought !
Seven sisters that together dwell ;
But he, bold knight as ever fought,
Their father, took of them no thought,
He loved the wars so well.
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie !

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a rover brave
To Binnorie is steering :
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne ;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark ! the leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle-horn.
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie !

William Wordsworth.

TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

WHY art thou silent ? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair ?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant ?

Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
Bound to thy service with unceasing care—
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.

Speak!—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

William Wordsworth.

AN OLD MAN'S REFLECTIONS.

Down to the vale this water steers,
How merrily it goes!
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside the fountain's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirr'd;
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay;
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind.

William Wordsworth.

THE CHILD AND THE MAN.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;

So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The child is father of the man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

William Wordsworth.

BY THE SEA-SIDE.

THE sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest,
And the wild storm hath somewhere found a nest ;
Air slumbers—wave with wave no longer strives,
Only a heaving of the deep survives,
A tell-tale motion ! soon will it be laid,
And by the tide alone the water swayed.
Stealthy withdrawals, interminglings mild
Of light with shade in beauty reconciled—
Such is the prospect far as sight can range,
The soothing recompense, the welcome change.

William Wordsworth.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts,
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one ;
The daisy by the shadow which it casts
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

William Wordsworth.

THE TEACHERS OF THE SHEPHERD LORD CLIFFORD.

LOVE had he found in huts where poor men lie ;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is on the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead ;
Nor did he change, but kept in lofty place
The Wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth ;
The shepherd lord was honored more and more ;
And, ages after he was laid in earth,
"The Good Lord Clifford " was the name he bore.

William Wordsworth.

DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS.

WHERE will they stop, those breathing Powers,
The Spirits of the new-born flowers?
They wander with the breeze, they wind
Where'er the streams a passage find ;
Up from their native ground they rise
In mute aerial harmonies ;
From humble violet modest thyme
Exhaled, the essential odors climb,
As if no space below the sky
Their subtle flight could satisfy :
Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride
If like ambition be *their* guide.

William Wordsworth.

TO MARY.

LET other bards of angels sing,
Bright suns without a spot ;
But thou art no such perfect thing ;
Rejoice that thou art not !

Such if thou wert in all men's view,
A universal show,
What would my fancy have to do
My feelings to bestow ?

The world denies that thou art fair ;
So, Mary, let it be,
If nought in loveliness compare
With what thou art to me.

William Wordsworth.

THE SMALL CELANDINE.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises ;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story ;
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine.

William Wordsworth.

KILMENY'S ABSENCE.

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen ;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the Yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring ;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hangs frae the hazel-tree ;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw ;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet, or Kilmeny come hame.

James Hogg, 1772-1835.

KILMENY'S RETURN.

WHEN many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedesman had prayed, and the dead-bell rung,
Late, late in a gloomin' when all was still,
Where the fringe was red on the westlin' hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The wreck o' the cot hung over the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane ;
When the ingle low'd with an airy leme,
Late, late in the gloomin' Kilmeny came hame !

James Hogg.

THE LAND OF SPIRITS.

KILMENY, Kilmeny, where have you been ?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den ;
By linn, by ford, by greenwood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat you that joup o' the lily scheen ?
That bonny snood o' the birk sae green ?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen ?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ? ”
Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face ;
As still was her look, and as still was her e'e,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lee,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare :
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew ;
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen.
And a land where sin had never been ;
A land of love and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night ;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam :
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

James Hogg.

THE FLIGHT.

O, never vales to mortal view
Appear'd like those o'er which they flew
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven ;
From whence they can view the wold below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow—
More glory yet unmeet to know.

James Hogg.

KILMENY'S VISION.

SHE saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by,
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And merléd seas, and a thousand isles;
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun, and the sky, and the cloudlet gray.

James Hogg.

THE SKY-LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and mountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

James Hogg.

THE MOON WAS A-WANING.

THE moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over ;
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover ;
But the snow was so deep
That his heart it grew weary ;
And he sunk down to sleep,
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
White were the sheets
And embroider'd the cover ;
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander ;
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill foxes wander.

Alas, pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you !
I see you sit shivering,
With lights at your window ;
But long may you wait
Ere your arms shall enclose him ;
For still, still he lies,
With a wreath on his bosom !

James Hogg.

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

Come all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken ;
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name ?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame,
When the kye come hame,
’Tween the gloamin’ and the mirk,
When the kye come hame.

James Hogg.

HAME, HAME, HAME.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !
When the flower is i’ the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The larks shall sing me hame in my ain countrie ;
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be ;
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

James Hogg.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three :
“ By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me ?

The bridegroom’s doors are open’d wide,
And I am next of kin ;
The guests are met, the feast is set ;
Mayst hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand ;
“ There was a ship,” quoth he.
“ Hold off ; unhand me, gray-beard loon ; ”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-year’s child ;
The mariner hath his will.

Saml. Taylor Coleridge, 1772-1834.

THE SILENT SEA.

THE fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

Saml. Taylor Coleridge.

SEVERED FRIENDSHIP.

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny : and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother :
They parted—ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining,—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between ;
But neither heat nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Saml. Taylor Coleridge.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine ! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young !

When I was young?—Ah, woful when !
Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along :—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide !
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in 't together.
Flowers are lovely ; love is flower-like ;
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
O ! the joys that came down shower-like
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old !

Saml. Taylor Coleridge.

A DAY DREAM.

My eyes make pictures when they're shut :—
I see a fountain large and fair,
A willow and a ruined hut,
And thee, and me, and Mary there.
O Mary ! make thy gentle lap our pillow !
Bend o'er us like a bower, my beautiful green willow !

A wild rose roofs the ruined shed,
And that and summer will agree ;
And lo ! where Mary leans her head
Two dear names carved upon the tree
And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow :
Our sister and our friends will both be here to-morrow.

Saml. Taylor Coleridge.

SONNET.

Thou gentle look, that didst my soul beguile,
Why has thou left me ? Still in some fond dream
Revisit my sad heart, auspicious smile !
As falls on closing flowers the lunar beam :

What time in sickly mood, at parting day,
I lay me down and think of happier years,
Of joys that glimmered in Hope's twilight ray,
Then left me, darling, in a vale of tears.
O pleasant days of Hope—for ever flown !
Could I recall you !—but that thought is vain.
Availeth not persuasion's sweetest tone
To lure the fleet-winged travellers back again ;
Yet fair, though faint, their images shall gleam,
Like a bright rainbow on an evening stream.

Saml. Taylor Coleridge

WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.

Do you ask what the birds say ? The sparrow, the dove
The linnet, and thrush say " I love, and I love !"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong ;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather
And singing and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,
" I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

Saml. Taylor Coleridge

A CHILD.

A LITTLE child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light ;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so unlike each other ;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.

Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity.
And what, if in a world of sin
(Oh, sorrow and shame should this be true !)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it's most used to do.

Saml. Taylor Coleridge.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

TELL me, on what holy ground
May Domestic Peace be found ?
Halcyon Daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of sceptred state,
From the rebel's noisy hate,
In a cottaged vale she dwells,
Listening to the Sabbath bells !
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honor's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears,
And, conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

Saml. Taylor Coleridge.

GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my love, sweet Genevieve !
In beauty's light you glide along :
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice as seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow ;
Within your soul a voice there lives !
It bids you hear the tale of woe :
When sinking low, the sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretched to save,
Fair as the bosom of the swan

That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve !

Saml. Taylor Coleridge.

CHRISTABEL.

THE night is chill, the cloud is gray :
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the woods so late,
A furlong from the castle gate ?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight ;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And nought was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest mistletoe :
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel !
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell,—
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

Saml. Taylor Coleridge.

THE LADY GERALDINE.

" My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine :
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn :
They choked my cries with force and fright,

And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white.
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be ;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced, I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrade spoke :
He placed me underneath this oak ;
He swore they would return with haste ;
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she)
And help a wretched maid to flee."

Saml. Taylor Coleridge.

MISERERE DOMINE.

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel !
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep, long, lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chaunter, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chaunt for thee—
Miserere Domine !

Hark ! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea ;
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine !

Saml. Taylor Coleridge.

PRAYER.

HE prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small ;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

Saml. Taylor Coleridge.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
 Death came with friendly care ;
 The opening bud to heaven convey'd,
 And bade it blossom there.

Saml. Taylor Coleridge.

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame.

Saml. Taylor Coleridge.

GOOD-NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'.

GOOD-NIGHT, and joy be wi' ye a' ;
 Your harmless mirth has charm'd my heart ;
 May life's fell blasts out owre ye blaw !
 In sorrow may ye never part !
 My spirit lives, but strength is gone ;
 The mountain-fires now blaze in vain :
 Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
 And in your deeds I'll live again !

Sir Alex. Boswell, 1775-1822.

THE PIXIES OF DEVON.

THEY are flown,
 Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
 In Superstition's web when Time was young,
 And fondly loved and cherish'd : they are flown

Before the wand of Science ! Hills and vales,
Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
The elfin visions that so bless'd the sight
In the old days romantic.

N. T. Carrington, 1777-1830.

ANGEL HELP.

HER sleep-charged eyes exemption ask,
And holy hands take up the task ;
Unseen the rock and spindle ply,
And do her earthly drudgery.
Sleep, saintly poor one, sleep, sleep on ;
And, waking, find thy labors done.
Perchance she knows it by her dreams ;
Her eye hath caught the golden gleams,
Angelic presence testifying,
That round her everywhere are flying ;
Ostents from which she may presume
That much of Heaven is in the room.

Charles Lamb, 1775-1831

HESTER.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning ?

Charles Lamb.

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

MAY the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,

Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind
(Still the phrase is wide or scant),
To take leave of thee, Great Plant!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate:
For I hate, yet love thee so,
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrain'd hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Charles Lamb.

CHILDHOOD.

IN my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought
Past season's o'er, and be again a child;
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled,)
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the press'd daisy scarce declined her head.

Charles Lamb

TO AN INFANT WHO DIED SOON AFTER BIRTH.

RIDDLE of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
Shall we say, that Nature blind
Check'd her hand, and changed her mind
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finish'd pattern without fault?

Charles Lamb.

LOVE.

ITS holy flame forever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth.
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest;
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in Heaven its perfect rest.
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the anxious night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

Robert Southey, 1774-1843.

THE LIBRARY.

MY days among the dead are pass'd;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they
With whom I converse night and day.

With them I take delight in weal.
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

Robert Southey.

HOW THE WATER COMES DOWN AT LODORE.

HERE it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling,
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along conflicting strong;

Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among,
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting
Around and around;
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.
Robert Southey.

NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

How beautiful is night !
A dewy freshness fills the silent air ;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven :
In full orb'd glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths :
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night !
Robert Southey.

THE SOURCE OF THE GANGES.

NONE hath seen its secret fountain ;
But on the top of Meru mountain,
Which rises o'er the hills of earth,
In light and clouds, it hath its mortal birth.
Earth seems that pinnacle to rear
Sublime above this worldly sphere,
Its cradle, and its altar, and its throne ;

And there the new-born river lies
Outspread beneath its native skies,
As if it there would love to dwell
Alone and unapproachable.

Robert Southey.

THE SEA.

How beautiful beneath the bright blue sky
The billows heave ! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is thrown as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst
Embraced in Emerald glory.

Robert Southey.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
The few locks that are left you are gray ;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
That I never might need them at last.

Robert Southey.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried;
That put the French to rout ;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

Robert Southey.

IMPULSE.

AND happy they who thus in faith obey
Their better nature : err sometimes they may,
And some sad thoughts lie heavy in the breast;
Such as, by Hope deceived, are left behind ;
But like a shadow these will pass away
From the pure sunshine of the peaceful mind.

Robert Southey.

THE FUNERAL OF ARVALAN.

FAR, far behind, beyond all reach of sight,
In ordered files the torches flow along,
One ever-lengthening line of gliding light :
Far, far behind,
Rolls on the undistinguishable clamor
Of horn, and trumpet, and tambour ;
Incessant as the roar
Of streams which down the wintry mountain pour,
And louder than the dread commotion
Of stormy bellows on a rocky shore,
When the winds rage o'er the waves,
And ocean to the tempest raves.

Robert Southey.

CURSE OF KEHAMA.

I CHARM thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From stone and from wood,
From fire and from flood,
From the serpent's tooth,
And the beasts of blood.
From sickness I charm thee,
And time shall not harm thee ;
But earth, which is mine,
Her fruits shall deny thee.
And the winds shall not touch thee
When they pass by thee,
And the dews shall not wet thee
When they fall nigh thee ;

And thou shalt seek death
To release thee in vain.
Thou shalt live in thy pain
While Kehama shall reign,
With a fire in thy heart
And a fire in thy brain ;
And sleep shall obey me,
And visit thee never,
And the curse shall be on thee
Forever and ever !

Robert Southey.

ENDURANCE OF THE CURSE.

OH, force of faith ! oh, strength of virtuous will
Behold him in his endless martyrdom,
Triumphant still !
The curse still burning in his heart and brain,
And yet he doth remain
Patient the while, and tranquil and content :
The pious soul hath framed unto itself
A second nature, to exist in pain
As in its own allotted element !

Robert Southey.

FREEDOM OF THE WILL.

IDLY, rajah, dost thou reason thus
Of destiny ! for though all other things
Were subject to the starry influences,
And bowed submissive to thy tyranny,
The virtuous heart and resolute mind are free.
Thus, in their wisdom did the gods decree,
When they created man. Let come what will,
This is our rock of strength in every ill.

Robert Southey.

THE HOLLY TREE.

OH, Reader ! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree ?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves.

Order'd by an Intelligence so wise,
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen ;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound ;
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.
Robert Southey.

THE MISER'S MANSION.

THOU mouldering mansion, whose embattled side
Shakes as about to fall at every blast ;
Once the gay pile of splendor, wealth, and pride,
But now the monument of grandeur past.

Fallen fabric ! pondering o'er thy time-traced walls.
Thy mouldering, mighty, melancholy state ;
Each object to the musing mind recalls
The sad vicissitudes of varying fate.

Robert Southey.

THE MISER'S RICHES.

THOU wretch ! thus curst with poverty of soul,
What boot to thee the blessings fortune gave ?
What boots thy wealth above the world's control.
If riches doom their churlish lord a slave ?

Robert Southey.

ST. ROMUALD.

ONE day, it matters not to know
How many hundred years ago,
A Frenchman stopt at an inn door :
The Landlord came to welcome him and chat
Of this and that,
For he had seen the traveller there before.
"Doth holy Romuald dwell
Still in his cell ?"

The Traveller ask'd, "or is the old man dead?"

"No; he has left his loving flock and we
So great a Christian never more shall see."

The Landlord answered, and he shook his head.

"Ah, sir, we knew his worth!

If ever there did live a saint on earth!

Why, sir, he always used to wear a shirt
For thirty days, all seasons, day and night.

Good man, he knew it was not right
For Dust and Ashes to fall out with Dirt!
And then he only hung it out in the rain,
And put it on again.

Robert Southey.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

Robert Southey.

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

Who is yonder poor maniac, whose wildly fix'd eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No pity she looks for, no alms doth she seek;
Nor for raiment nor food doth she care:
Through her tatters the winds of the winter blow bleak
On that wither'd breast, and her weather-worn cheek
Hath the hue of a mortal despair.

Robert Southey.

SLEEP.

THOU hast been called, O sleep ! the friend of woe ;
But 'tis the happy that have called thee so.

Robert Southey

A SAILOR'S SONG.

WHILE clouds on high are riding,
The wintry moonshine hiding,
The raging blast abiding,
O'er mountain waves we go.
With hind the dry land reaping,
With townsman shelter keeping,
With lord on soft down sleeping,
Change we our lot ? Oh, no !

On stormy waves careering,
Each seamate seamate cheering,
With dauntless helmsman steering,
Our forthward course we hold.
Their sails with sunbeams whitened,
Themselves with glory brightened,
From care their bosoms lightened,
Who shall return ? The bold.

Joanna Baillie, 1762-1851.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

ALL white hung the bushes o'er Elaw's sweet stream,
And pale from its banks the long icicles gleam ;
The first peep of morning just peers through the sky,
And here, at thy door, gentle Mary, am I.

With the dawn of the year, and the dawn of the light,
The one that best loves thee stands first in thy sight,
Then welcomed, dear maid, with my gift let me be,
A ribbon, a kiss, and a blessing for thee !

Joanna Baillie,

ADAPTATION TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

Ah, Time ! when next thou fillest thy nightly term,
Where shall I be ? Fye ! fye upon thee still !
E'en where weak infancy, and timorous age,
And maiden fearfulness have gone before thee ;

And where, as well as him of firmest soul,
The meanly-minded and the coward are.
Then trust thy nature, at the approaching push,
The mind doth shape itself to its own wants,
And can bear all things.

Joanna Baillie.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

OH ! there be some
Whose writhed features, fixed in all the strength
Of grappling agony, do stare upon you,
With their dead eyes half opened.
And there be some struck through with bristling darts,
Whose clenched hands have torn the pebbles up ;
Whose gnashing teeth have ground the very sand.
Nay, some I've seen among those bloody heaps,
Defaced and reft e'en of the form of men,
Who in convulsive motion yet retain
Some shreds of life more horrible than death.

Joanna Baillie.

THE KITTEN.

WANTON droll, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged Crone and thoughtless Lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool ;
And maid, whose cheek outblossoms the rose,
As bright the blazing fagot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight ;
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Joanna Baillie.

SONG.

THE gliding fish that takes his play
In shady nook of streamlet cool,
Thinks not how waters pass away
And summer dries the pool

The bird beneath his leafy dome,
Who thrills his carol, loud and clear,
Thinks not how soon his verdant home
The lightning's breath may sear.

Shall I, within my bridegroom's bower,
With braids of budding roses twined,
Look forward to a coming hour
When he may prove unkind?

Joanna Baillie.

SERENADE.

THE sun is down, and time gone by
The stars are twinkling in the sky,
Nor torch no taper longer may
Eke out a blythe but stinted day;
The hours have pass'd with stealthy flight,
We needs must part; good-night, good-night!

Joanna Baillie.

HYMN OF THE MARTYR.

A LONG farewell to sin and sorrow,
To beam of day and evening shade!
High in glory breaks our morrow,
With light that cannot fade.

Joanna Baillie.

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand—
To doubt and fear give thou no heed—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock—
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there,
O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found:
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive—
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain—
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery, 1771,-1854.

HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth :
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest Isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,

While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend ;
Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life !
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found !
Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around ;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

James Montgomery.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A Mother's Love,—how sweet the name !
What is a Mother's love ?
—A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould ;
The warmest heart that can grow cold ;
This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born,
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone ;
This is a Mother's Love.

James Montgomery.

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man : and who was he ?
Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown :
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone :

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast ;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear !
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall ;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er ;
Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled ;
Had friends—his friends are now no more ;
And foes—his foes are dead.

James Montgomery.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

James Montgomery.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild :
I perish ; O, my mother earth !
Take home thy child !

James Montgomery.

RELIGION.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound,
The fainting traveller wends his way ;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky
The guardian angel of the night.

Thus, mortals blind and weak below,
Pursue the phantom bliss in vain ;
The world's a wilderness of woe,
And life's a pilgrimage of pain !

Till mild Religion from above
Descends, a sweet engaging form,
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise 'mid the storm.

Ambition, pride, revenge, depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod ;
She makes the humble, contrite heart
A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way and leads the soul.

James Montgomery.

LIFE.

LIFE is the transmigration of a soul
Through various bodies, various states of being;
New manners, passions, new pursuits in each;
In nothing, save in consciousness, the same.
Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,
Are alway moving onward, alway losing
Themselves in one another, lost at length
Like undulations on the strand of death.

James Montgomery.

"MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY."

"**MAKE** way for Liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp:
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried.
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all:
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus Death made way for Liberty!

James Montgomery.

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest ;
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed !

James Montgomery.

NIGHT IN THE TROPICS.

NIGHT, silent, cool, transparent, crowned the day,
The sky receded farther into space,
The stars came lower down to meet the eye,
Till the whole hemisphere, alive with light,
Trembled from east to west with one consent.

James Montgomery.

ASPIRATIONS.

HIGHER, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story ;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

James Montgomery.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIEND after friend departs,—
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.

James Montgomery.

LIFE AND DEATH.

’Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

James Montgomery.

REMEMBERED JOYS.

BLISS in possession will not last ;
Remembered joys are never past ;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were, they are, they yet shall be.

James Montgomery.

THE LIFE ABOVE.

BEYOND this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love,

James Montgomery.

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face ;
But 'tis to her alone uprise
His wakening arms ; to her those eyes
Open with joy and not surprise.

Walter Savage Landor, 1775-1864

THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

THE wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies,
And love to hear them told ;
Doubt not that Solomon
Listn'd to many a one—
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.
Walter Savage Landor.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel ! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array ,
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, thy bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But Hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair,
Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
Oh, weep ; but thy tears cannot number the dead :
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844.

ETERNITY OF HOPE.

ETERNAL Hope ! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first note to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decayed ;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow
And heav'n's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile.

Thomas Campbell

HOPE TRIUMPHANT IN DEATH.

UNFADING Hope ! when life's last ember burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return ;
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
Oh ! then thy kingdom comes ! Immortal Power !
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !

Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin!
And all the Phoenix spirit burns within!

Thomas Campbell.

SONG.

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying!

Yet, remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but love has rueing;
Other smiles may make you fickle;
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he carries,
Just as fate or fancy carries;
Longest stays when sorest chidden;
Laugh and flies when press'd and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly;
Bind its odor to the lily;
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver;
Then bind Love to last forever!

Thomas Campbell.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

FOR sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,—
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain! the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

Thomas Campbell.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade.
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre,

Thomas Campbell.

THE MOTHER.

Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps ;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
“ Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy :
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine ;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine ;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul ; but ah ! more blest than he !
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

Thomas Campbell.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Thomas Campbell.

THE DEATH OF GERTRUDE.

CLASP me a little longer on the brink
Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear carress ;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh ! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,

That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness.
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust !

Thomas Campbell.

WALDEGRAVE'S GRIEF.

HUSH'D were his Gertrude's lips ! but still their bland,
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
With love that could not die ! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart ! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt—
Of them that stood encircling his despair
He heard some friendly word ; but knew not what they
were.

Thomas Campbell.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone :
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold, determined hand ;
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
O'er the lofty British line ;
It was ten of April morn by the chime, .
As they drifted on their path ;
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

Thomas Campbell.

HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground, where, mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed;
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No; in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound;
The spot where love's first links were wound
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven.

Thomas Campbell.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary laborer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Thomas Campbell.

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Thomas Campbell.

MEN OF ENGLAND.

MEN of England ! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood !
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood :

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a thousand Agincourts !

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crowned and mitred tyranny :
They defied the field and scaffold,
For their birthright—so will we.

Thomas Campbell

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England,
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe ;
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow !

Thomas Campbell.

ADELGITHA.

THE ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad pale Adelgitha came,
When forth a valiant champion bounded,
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, deliver'd from her danger ;
But when he knelt to claim her glove—
"Seek not," she cried, "oh! gallant stranger,
For hapless Adelgitha's love.

For he is in a foreign far land
Whose arms should now have set me free ;
And I must wear the willow garland
For him that's dead or false to me."

"Nay! say not that his faith is tainted!"
He raised his visor—at the sight
She fell into his arms and fainted ;
It was indeed her own true knight!

Thomas Campbell.

A DREAM.

WELL may sleep present us fictions,
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
As make life itself a dream.
Half our daylight faith's a fable ;
Sleep disports with shadows too,
Seeming in their turn as stable
As the world we wake to view.
Ne'er by day did Reason's mint
Give my thoughts a clearer print
Of assured reality,
Than was left by Phantasy,
Stamped and colored on my sprite,
In a dream of yesternight.

Thomas Campbell.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep

Adown the gulf of Time ;
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime.

Thomas Campbell.

THE FALL OF POLAND.

O SACRED Truth ! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn ;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man ?

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
“ O Heaven ! ” he cried, “ my bleeding country save !—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men ! our country yet remains !
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live—with her to die ! ”

Thomas Campbell.

WITHOUT HOPE.

OH ! lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolator of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;
Who, mouldering earthward, reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all this parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss ?

Thomas Campbell.

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you ;

For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

Thomas Campbell.

THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A mid-way station given
For happy spirits to alight,
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Thomas Campbell.

FAITH.

THIS spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself are dark ?

No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,—
And took the sting from death !

Thomas Campbell.

DISTANCE.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue !

Thomas Campbell.

KOSCIUSKO.

HOPE, for a reason, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciuszko fell !

Thomas Campbell.

NOT TO DIE.

To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

Thomas Campbell.

BRITANNIA.

BRITANNIA needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.

Thomas Campbell.

SIN.

BUT, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.

Thomas Campbell.

THE SUNSET OF LIFE.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

Thomas Campbell.

THE SMILE OF APPROVAL.

WITHOUT the smile from partial beauty won,
O what were man?—a world without a sun.

Thomas Campbell.

MEMORY.

WHILE memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew,

Thomas Campbell.

ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE III.

I SAW him last on this terrace proud,
Walking in health and gladness,
Begirt with his court; and in all the crowd
Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, the leaves were green—
 Blithely the birds were singing ;
 The cymbals replied to the tambourine,
 And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the crowd beside his bier,
 When not a word was spoken—
 When every eye was dim with a tear,
 And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour
 To the muffled drums, deep rolling,
 While the minute gun, with its solemn roar,
 Drown'd the death-bells' tolling.

The time—since he walk'd in his glory thus,
 To the grave till I saw him carried—
 Was an age of the mightiest change to us,
 But to him a night unvaried.

Horace Smith, 1779-1849.

ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

AND thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story !)
 In Thebes' street three thousand years ago,
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
 And time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous !
 * * * * *

PERCHANCE that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
 Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;
 Or dropp'd a half-penny in Homer's hat,
 Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

Horace Smith.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS

YE matin worshippers ! who bending lowly
 Before the uprisen sun—God's lidless eye—
 Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
 Incense on high !

Ye bright mosaics ! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create !

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Horace Smith.

THE JESTER.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
Which wholesome rule
Occurred not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seemed to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Horace Smith.

CUI BONO ?

THINKING is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is everything and everything is nought.
Horace Smith.

HAIL, COLUMBIA.

HAIL, Columbia ! happy land !
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band !
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won !
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost ;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,

Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Joseph Hopkinson, 1770-1840.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

THOUGH ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?
While the language free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of Heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun:
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are one!"

Washington Allston, 1779-1843.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the
house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

Clement C. Moore, 1779-1863.

ECHOES.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night
When roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away o'er lawns and lakes
Goes answering light!

Yet Love hath echoes truer far
And far more sweet
Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star
Of horn or lute or soft guitar
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh,—in youth sincere
And only then,
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear—
Is by that one, that only Dear
Breathed back again.

Thomas Moore, 1780-1852.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

Off in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken!
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled
Whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled,
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells ;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,—
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.

Thomas Moore

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still
here :

Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and
shame?

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

Thomas Moore.

O! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

O! BREATHE not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonor'd his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grave o'er his head.

But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Thomas Moore.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away ;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone—
That tuneful peal will still ring on ;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

Thomas Moore.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, and horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting !—the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.

Thomas Moore.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking ;—
Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him ;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

Thomas Moore.

OH ! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

Oh ! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame,
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burned with a holier flame ;
The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart ;
And the lip, which now breathes but a song of desire,
Might have poured the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But, alas for his country !—her pride has gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend ;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unprized are her sons, still they've learned to betray ;
Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their
sires ;
And the torch, that would light them through dignity's
way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country
expires.

Thomas Moore.

DISAPPOINTED HOPES.

I KNEW, I knew it could not last—
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past !
Oh ! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die !
Now too—the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—
Oh, misery ! must I lose that too ?
Yet go—on peril's brink we meet ;—
Those frightful rocks—that treacherous sea—
No, never come again—thou sweet,
Though heaven, it may be death to thee.
Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger !
Better to sit and watch that ray,
And think thee safe, though far away,
Than have thee near me, and in danger !

Thomas Moore.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

THIS world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true but Heaven !

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even ;
And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,—
There's nothing bright but Heaven !

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way,—
There's nothing calm but Heaven !

Thomas Moore.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

ONE bumper at parting!—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crowned by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure hath in it
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas! till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth.
But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

Thomas Moore.

HAVE YOU NOT SEEN THE TIMID TEAR.

HAVE you not seen the timid tear
Steal trembling from mine eye?
Have you not marked the flush of fear,
Or caught the murmured sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fixed on you alone?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move
Devoutly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith is o'er,
If still my truth you'll try;
Alas! I know but one proof more,—
I'll bless your name, and die!

Thomas Moore.

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—

"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

Thomas Moore.

WELLINGTON.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light
That illumed the whole volume, her Wellington's name
Thomas Moore.

QUARRELS OF LOVERS.

ALAS! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something, light as air; a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken:
Oh! love that tempest never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken;

And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin,
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day,
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said ;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds, or like the stream
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reached the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part forever.

Thomas Moore.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;
But, oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way ?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold ?"

"Sir Knight ! I fear not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm :
For, though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight ! they love honor and virtue more."

Thomas Moore.

LOVE AND HOPE

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclined :
But scarce had noon-tide come, when he
Into his bark leaped smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind !

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile,
Across this sunny main ;"—
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dreamed of guile,
Believed he'd come again.

She lingered there, till evening's beam
Along the waters lay ;
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Oft traced his name, which still the stream
As often washed away.

Thomas Moore.

O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR !

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear !
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown :
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

LOVE AND GOLD.

THE love that seeks a home
Where wealth and grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome
That dwells in dark gold mines
But oh ! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere ;
Its native home's above,
Though woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

Thomas Moore.

REMEMBER ME.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh ! still remember me.

When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh ! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be ;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh ! then remember me.

Thomas Moore.

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

FILL the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses
Fill the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Thomas Moore.

THE CALM.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone ;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity.

Fresh as if day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn !
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm ;
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere the lightning gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them.

Thomas Moore.

SYRIA.

Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a yale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.
To one who looked from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below !

Thomas Moore.

CASHMERE.

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave !

Oh ! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes !

Thomas Moore.

MEMORIES.

LET Fate do her worst ; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy ;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled !
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Thomas Moore.

MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.

MARY, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing ;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving !

Thomas Moore.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet ?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet ?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear ?—
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Thomas Moore.

OH, WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

OH, where's the slave so lowly
Condemned to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly ?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,

Would wait till time decayed it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?
Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all
Who live to weep our fall.

Thomas Moore.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

WHEN Time, who steals our years away
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.

* * * * *

Then talk no more of future gloom ;
Our joys shall always last ;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past !

Thomas Moore.

WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL !—but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain,
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

Thomas Moore.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

THEY tell us of an Indian tree
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot and blossom wide and high,
Yet better loves to bend its arms
Downwards again to the dear earth

From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being first had birth.
E'en thus, though wooed by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends
With love's true instinct back to thee.

Thomas Moore.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
To give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem :
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away !
When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

Thomas Moore.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ;
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Thomas Moore.

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Thomas Moore.

MORNING.

NEVER tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night :—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of
Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth
Evening's best light.

Thomas Moore.

FANATICISM.

BUT Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood hugs it to the last.

Thomas Moore.

TREASON.

O for a tongue to curse the slave,
Where treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of night !

Thomas Moore.

TRUE LOVE.

No, the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close !
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

Thomas Moore.

HUMILITY.

HUMILITY, that low, sweet root
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

Thomas Moore.

HYMN.

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.

Jane Taylor, 1783-1824.

TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY.

HIGH peace to the soul of the dead,
From the dream of the world she has gone !
On the stars in her glory to tread,
To be bright in the blaze of the throne.

In youth she was lovely ; and Time,
When her rose with the cypress he twined,
Left the heart all the warmth of its prime,
Left her eye all the light of her mind.

The summons came forth—and she died !
Yet her parting was gentle, for those
Whom she loved mingled tears at her side—
Her death was the mourner's repose.

Our weakness may weep o'er her bier,
But her spirit has gone on the wing
To triumph for agony here,
To rejoice in the joy of its king.

George Croly, 1780-1861.

THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD.

THERE'S glory on thy mountains, proud Bengal,
When on their temples bursts the morning sun !
There's glory on thy marble-tower'd wall,
Proud Ispahan, beneath its burning noon !
There's glory—when his golden course is done,
Proud Istamboul, upon thy waters blue !
But fall'n Damascus, thine was beauty's throne,
In morn, and noon, and evening's purple dew,
Of all from ocean's marge to mighty Himmah.

East of the city stands a lofty mount,
Its brow with lightning delved and rent in sunder ;
And through the fragment rolls a little font,
Whose channel bears the blast of fire and thunder ;
And there has many a pilgrim come to wonder ;
For there are flowers unnumber'd blossoming,
With but the bare and calcined marble under ;
Yet in all Asia no such colors spring,
No perfumes rich as in that mountain's rocky ring.

George Croly.

A CALM EVE.

LOOK on these waters, with how soft a kiss
They woo the pebbled shore ! then steal away,
Like wanton lovers—but to come again,
And die in music ! There, the bending skies
See all their stars,—and the beach-loving trees,
Osiers and willows, and the watery flowers,
That wreath their pale roots round the ancient stones,
Make pictures of themselves !

George Croly.

THE POET'S HOUR.

WHEN day is done, and clouds are low,
And flowers are honey-dew,
And Hesper's lamp begins to glow
Along the western blue ;
And homeward wing the turtle-doves,
Then comes the hour the poet loves.

For in the dimness curtain'd round,
He hears the echoes all
Of cosy vale, or grassy mound,
Or distant waterfall ;
And shapes are on his dreamy sight,
That keep their beauty for the night.

George Croly.

DOMESTIC LOVE.

O! LOVE of loves !—to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key.
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee ;
And thine the voice, that, on the midnight sea,
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit ! I've built a shrine ; and thou hast come
And on its altar closed—forever closed thy plume.

George Croly.

CUPID IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THERE was once a gentle time
When the world was in its prime ;
And every day was holiday,
And every month was lovely May

Cupid then had but to go
With his purple wings and bow ;
And in blossomed vale and grove
Every shepherd knelt to love.

George Croly.

EVENING—A VISION.

I HAD a vision : evening sat in gold
Upon the bosom of a boundless plain,
Cover'd with beauty ;—garden, field, and fold,
Studding the billowy sweep of ripening grain,
Like islands in the purple summer main.
And temples of pure marble met the sun,

That tinged their white shafts with a golden stain ;
And sounds of rustic joy, and labor done,
Hallow'd the lonely hour, until her pomp was gone.

George Croly,

NOTRE DAME.

POMPOUS ! but love I not such pomp of prayer ;
Ill bends the heart 'mid mortal luxury.
Rather let me the meek devotion share,
Where in their silent glens and thickets high,
England, thy lone and lowly chapels lie.

George Croly.

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

HARK to the knell !
It comes in the swell
Of the gloomy ocean wave :
'Tis no earthly sound,
But a toll profound,
From the mariner's deep-sea grave.

George Croly.

MAN'S INSIGNIFICANCE.

POOR insects, sparkl'd with thought !
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee,
Could smite us into nought !
But shouldst thou wreck our father-land,
And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of thy hand
Thy little ones would sleep.

Ebenezer Elliott, 1781-1849.

THE HAPPY LOT.

BLESS'D is the hearth where daughters gird the fire,
And sons that shall be happier than their sire,
Who sees them crowd around his evening chair,
While love and hope inspire his wordless prayer.

Ebenezer Elliott, 1781-1849.

A POET'S PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY Father ! let thy lowly child,
Strong in his love of truth, be wisely bold—
A patriot bard, by sycophants reviled,
Let him live usefully, and not die old !
Let poor men's children, pleased to read his lays,
Love, for his sake, the scenes where he hath been.
And when he ends his pilgrimage of days,
Let him be buried where the grass is green,
Where daisies, blooming earliest, linger late
To hear the bee his busy note prolong ;
There let him slumber, and in peace await
The dawning morn, far from the sensual throng,
Who scorn the windflower's blush, the redbreast's lonely
song.

Ebenezer Elliott.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

STOP, mortal ! Here thy brother lies—
The Poet of the Poor.
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor ;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant and the slave,
The street, the factory, the gaol,
The palace—and the grave !
Sin met thy brother everywhere !
And is thy brother blamed ?
From passion, danger, doubt, and care,
He no exemption claim'd.

Ebenezer Elliott.

LOVE IN POVERTY.

O faithful love, thy poverty embraced !
Thy heart is fire, amid a wintry waste ;
Thy joys are roses, born on Hecla's brow ;
Thy home is Eden, warm amid the snow ;
And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm,
Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form .

E'en as thy taper gives intensest light,
 When o'er thy bow'd roof darkest falls the night.
 Oh, if thou e'er hast wrong'd her, if thou e'er
 From those mild eyes hast caused one bitter tear
 To flow unseen, repent, and sin no more !
 For richest gems, compared with her, are poor.

Ebenezer Elliott.

ODE TO FUTURITY.

As one who dreads to raise the pallid sheet
 Which shrouds the beautiful and tranquil face
 That yet can smile, but never more shall meet,
 With kisses warm, his ever fond embrace ;
 So I draw nigh to thee, with timid pace,
 And tremble, though I long to lift thy veil.

Ebenezer Elliott.

LET ME REST.

HE does well who does his best:
 Is he weary ? let him rest :
 Brothers ! I have done my best,
 I am weary—let me rest.
 After toiling oft in vain,
 Baffled, yet to struggle fain ;
 After toiling long, to gain
 Little good with mickle pain ;
 Let me rest—but lay me low,
 Where the hedge-side roses blow ;
 Where the little daisies grow,
 When the winds a-maying go ;
 Where the footpath rustics plod ;
 Where the breeze-bowed poplars nod ;
 Where the old woods worship God ;
 Where His pencil paints the sod ;
 Where the wedded throstle sings ;
 Where the young bird tries his wings ;
 Where the wailing plover swings,
 Near the runlet's rushy springs ;
 Where, at times the tempest's roar,
 Shaking distant sea and shore,
 Still will rave old Barnesdale o'er,
 To be heard by me no more !

There, beneath the breezy west,
Tired and thankful, let me rest,
Like a child that sleepeth best
On its gentle mother's breast.

Ebenezer Elliott.

LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

WE watch'd him, while the moonlight,
Beneath the shadow'd hill,
Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
And all the woods were still.
The brother of two sisters
Drew painfully his breath :
A strange fear had come o'er him,
For love was strong in death.

Ebenezer Elliott.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

HIS little bosom heaves not,
The fire hath left his cheek,
The fine chord—is it broken ?
The strong chord—could it break ?
Ah, yes ! the loving spirit
Hath winged his flight away,—
A mother and two sisters
Look down on lifeless clay.

Ebenezer Elliott.

EPIPHANY.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining ;
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine—
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean—
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.

OUR WITNESSES.

AND think'st thou, man, thy secret wish to shroud
In the close bosom's sealed sepulchre ?
Or, wrapt in saintly mantle from the crowd,
To hug thy darling sin that none may see ?
A thousand thousand eyes are bent on thee ;
And where thy bolts the babbling world exclude,
And in the darkness where thou lov'st to be,
A thousand thousand busy sprites intrude :
Earth, air, and heaven are full,—there is no solitude.

Reginald Heber.

HAPPINESS.

ONE morning in the month of May
I wandered o'er the hill ;
Though nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the Good, the Great,
These meaner creatures bless,
And yet deny our human state
The boom of happiness ?

Reginald Heber.

PALESTINE.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed queen, forgotten Sion, mourn !
Is this thy palace, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone,
While suns unblessed their angry lustre fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring ?—
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed ?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued ?

No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
 No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
 No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
 Wake the full lyre and swell the tide of song;
 But lawless force and meagre want are there,
 And the quick-darting eye of restless fear,
 While cold oblivion 'mid thy ruins laid,
 Folds his dark wing beneath the ivy shade.

Reginald Heber.

PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

FOR many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
 The hireling guards of Misraim's throne, were there
 From distant Cush they troop'd, a warrior train.
 Siwah's green isle and Senaar's marly plain:
 On either wing their fiery coursers check
 The parched and sinewy sons of Amalek;
 While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
 Deck'd in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode.

Reginald Heber.

THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

THOU art gone to the grave—we no longer deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
 The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the
 gloom.

Reginald Heber.

MAY-DAY.

QUEEN of fresh flowers
 Whom vernal stars obey,
 Bring thy warm showers,
 Bring thy genial ray.
 In nature's greenest livery drest
 Descend on earth's expectant breast,
 To earth and heaven a welcome rest,
 Thou merry month of May!

Reginald Heber.

GOD PROVIDETH FOR THE MORROW.

Lo ! the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield !
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of Heaven.
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy,—
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow :
God provideth for the morrow !

Reginald Heber.

HEAVENLY HOPE AND EARTHLY HOPE.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright so e'er
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

Reginald Heber.

DEATH.

DEATH rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower.

Reginald Heber.

MY NANNIE O.

RED rows the Nith 'tween bank and breeze,
Mirk is the night and rainie O,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I'll gang and see my Nannie O ;
My Nannie O, my Nannie O ;
My kind and winsome Nannie O,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
And nae can do't but Nannie O.

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
Sae saintly and sae bonnie O,
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
For thieving looks at Nannie O ;

My Nannie O, my Nannie O ;
 The world's in love with Nannie O ;
 That heart is hardly worth the wear
 That wadna love my Nannie O ;

Allan Cunningham, 1784-1842

BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

At times there come, as come there ought,
 Grave moments of sedater thought—
 When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
 One gleam of her inconstant light ;
 And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
 Shines like the rainbow through the shower,
 Oh, then I see, while seated nigh,
 A mother's heart shine in thine eye ;
 And proud resolve and purpose meek
 Speak of thee more than words can speak :
 I think the wedded wife of mine
 The best of all that's not divine.

Allan Cunningham.

MY AIN COUNTRIE.

THE sun rises bright in France,
 And fair sets he :
 But he has tint the blithe blink he had
 In my ain countrie.
 O gladness comes to many,
 But sorrow comes to me,
 As I look o'er the wide ocean
 To my ain countrie.

O it's nae my ain ruin
 That saddens aye my e'e,
 But the love I left in Galloway,
 Wi' bonnie bairnies three.
 My hamely heart burned bonnie,
 An' smiled my fair Marie :
 I've left my hearth behind me
 In my ain countrie.

Allan Cunningham.

CHILD OF THE COUNTRY.

CHILD of the Country ! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair ;
Born like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new ;
Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee,
Nursed to sweet music on the knee,
Lull'd in the breast to that sweet tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June :
I sing of thee :—'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Allan Cunningham.

CHILD OF THE TOWN.

CHILD of the Town ! for thee I sigh ;
A gilded roof's thy golden sky,
A carpet is thy daisied sod,
A narrow street thy boundless wood,
Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp
Of watchmen, thy best light's a lamp,—
Through smoke, and not through trellised vines
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines :
I sing of thee in sadness ; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair ?

Allan Cunningham.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast.
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Allan Cunningham.

THE MORNING.

OH, come ! for the lily
Is white on the lea,
Oh, come ! for the wood-doves
Are paired on the tree ;
The lark sings with dew
On her wings and her feet ;
The thrush pours his ditty
Loud, varied, and sweet ;
So come where the twin hares
'Mid fragrance have been,
And with flowers I will weave thee
A crown like a queen.

Allan Cunningham.

THOU HAST SWORN.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white han' o' thine,
And by all the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine ;
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick o'er heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine.

Allan Cunningham.

SOWING IN SECRET.

THERE be those who sow beside
The waters that in silence glide,
Trusting no echo will declare
Whose footsteps ever wander'd there.

The noiseless footsteps pass away,
The stream flows on as yesterday ;
Nor can it for a time be seen
A benefactor there had been.

Yet think not that the seed is dead
Which in the lonely place is spread ;

It lives, it lives—the Spring is nigh,
And soon its life shall testify.

Bernard Barton, 1784-1849.

A SPRING DIRGE.

THE songster on the bough,
Spring's early greenness, and its opening flower,
Were joyous once :—but now
Faintly my spirit seems to feel their power.

My heart, with answering glee,
Was wont to hail "the merry month of May,
And, like the sapling tree,
To bud and blossom in its genial ray.

Now it seems cold and drear,
While birds are singing round, and flowerets blow ;
As—rugged, mossed, and sere—
Stands the scathed trunk, whose sap forgets to flow.

Bernard Barton.

THE SOLITARY TOMB.

NOR a leaf of the tree which stood near me was stirr'd,
Though a breath might have moved it so lightly ;
Not a farewell note from a sweet singing bird
Bade adieu to the sun setting brightly.

The sky was cloudless and calm, except
In the west, where the sun was descending ;
And there the rich tints of the rainbow slept,
As his beams with their beauty were blending.

And the evening star, with its ray so clear,
So tremulous, soft, and tender,
Had lit up its lamp, and shot down from its sphere
Its dewy delightful splendor.

Bernard Barton.

TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

FAIR flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening's hues of sober gray
Thy cup of paly gold ;—

Be thine the offering owing long
To thee, and to this pensive hour,
Of one brief tributary song,
Though transient as thy flower.

Bernard Barton.

THE VOWS OF SUNNY WEATHER.

NOT ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds above, and cause to dread
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

Bernard Barton.

TO THE WINDS.

YE viewless minstrels of the sky !
I marvel not in times gone by
That ye were deified :
For, even in this later day,
To me oft has your power, or play,
Unearthly thoughts supplied.

Bernard Barton.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,

An angel, writing in a book of gold :—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?”—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt, 1784-1859.

MORNING AT RAVENNA.

'Tis morn, and never did a lovelier day
Salute Ravenna from its leafy bay :
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And April, with his white hands wet with flowers,
Dazzle the bride-maids looking from the towers ;
Green vineyards and fair orchards, far and near,
Glitter with drops, and heaven is sapphire clear,
And the lark rings it, and the pine trees glow,
And odors from the citrons come and go,
And all the landscape—earth, and sky, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face that laughs out openly.

Leigh Hunt.

CHORUS OF FLOWERS.

WE are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
(Think, when'er you see us, what our beauty saith;) Utterance, mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple breath;

All who see us love us—
We befit all places ;
Unto sorrow we give smiles—and unto graces, graces.
Leigh Hunt

TO A SICK CHILD WHILE SLEEPING.

To say " He has departed "
" His voice "—" his face "—" is gone ;"
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on ;
Ah, I could not endure .
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

Leigh Hunt.

THE NUN.

If you become a nun, dear,
A friar I will be ;
In any cell you run dear,
Pray look behind for me.
The roses all turn pale, too ;
The doves all take the veil, too ;
The blind will see the show :
What ! you become a nun, my dear ?
I'll not believe it, no !

If you become a nun, dear,
The bishop Love will be ;
The Cupids every one, dear,
Will chant, " We trust in thee ! "
The incense will go sighing,
The candles fall a dying,
The water will turn to wine :
What ! you go take the vows, my dear ?
You may—but they'll be mine.

Leigh Hunt.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know forever,

Leigh Hunt.

LILIES.

WE are lilies fair,
The flower of virgin light ;
Nature held us forth and said,
“Lo ! my thoughts of white !”

Ever since then, angels
Hold us in their hands ;
You may see them where they take
In pictures their sweet stands.

Leigh Hunt.

A POETIC NOOK.

O FOR a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook.

Leigh Hunt.

JENNIE KISSED ME.

JENNIE kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
Time, you thief ! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad ;
Say that health and wealth have missed me
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me !

Leigh Hunt.

I NEVER CAST A FLOWER AWAY.

I NEVER cast a flower away,
 The gift of one who cared for me—
 A little flower—a faded flower—
 But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu
 To things familiar, but my heart
 Shrank with a feeling almost pain
 Even from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word "Farewell,"
 But with an utterance faint and broken
 An earth-sick longing for the time
 When it shall never more be spoken.

Mrs. Southey (Caroline Bowles), 1786-1854.

TO DEATH.

COME not in terrors clad, to claim
 An unresisting prey—
 Come like an evening shadow, Death !
 So stealthily ! so silently :
 And shut mine eyes, and steal my breath—
 Then willingly—oh ! willingly
 With thee I'll go away,

What need to clutch with iron grasp
 What gentlest touch may take ?
 What need, with aspect dark, to scare
 So awfully—so terribly,
 The weary soul would hardly care,
 Called quietly, called tenderly,
 From thy dread power to break ?

Mrs Southey.

TO A DYING INFANT.

SLEEP, little baby ! sleep !
 Not in thy cradle bed,
 Not on thy mother's breast
 Henceforth shall be thy rest,
 But with the quiet dead.

Yes, with the quiet dead,
Baby! thy rest shall be—
Oh! many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light,
Would fain lie down with thee.
Mrs. Southey.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

THOSE few pale Autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the Summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why?—They are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirr'd
That whisper of the past!
Mrs. Southey.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly, bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing-bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed,
One by that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

Mrs. Southey.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

SLOWLY, with measured tread
Onward we bear the dead
To his lone home ;
Short grows the homeward road—
On with your mortal load !—
O, grave ! we come.

Yet, yet—ah ! hasten not
Past each remember'd spot
Where he hath been—
Where late he walk'd in glee,
These from henceforth to be
Never more seen !

Rest ye—set down the bier !
One he loved dwelleth here ;
Let the dead lie
A moment that door beside,
Wont to fly open wide
Ere he drew nigh.

Mrs. Southey.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn had flown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail ;
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

Lord Byron, 1788-1822.

THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Lord Byron.

ROME.

OH Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mothers of dead empires ! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye !
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago ;
The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now ;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,
Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

Lord Byron

MODERN CRITICS.

A MAN must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready-made.
Take hackneyed jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to mis-quote ;
A mind well skilled to find or forge a fault ;
A turn for punning,—call it Attic salt ;
To Jeffrey go ; be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet.
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit ;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit ;
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic, hated yet caressed.

Lord Byron.

THE SPANISH MAID.

THE Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble ;
And if she love, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely ;
And, though it will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long, and love you dearly.

Lord Byron.

MY NATIVE LAND—GOOD NIGHT.

ADIEU, adieu ! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue ;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight :
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night !

A few short hours, and he will rise
To give the morrow birth ;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate ;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall,
My dog howls at the gate.

Lord Byron.

THE LAND OF THE EAST.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime ?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine ;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom ?

Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute,
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye ;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine ?

'Tis the clime of the East ; 'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done ?

Oh ! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they
 tell.

Lord Byron.

ZULEIKA.

FAIR, as the first that fell of womankind,
 When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,
 Whose image then was stamped upon her mind—
 But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling ;
 Dazzling, as that, oh ! too transcendent vision
 To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,
 When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
 And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven ;
 Soft, as the memory of buried love ;
 Pure, as the prayer which Childhood wafts above ;
 Was she—the daughter of that rude old Chief,
 Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Lord Byron.

THE DEATH OF ZULEIKA.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail !
 And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale :
 Zuleika ! last of Giaffir's race,
 Thy destined lord is come too late :
 He sees not—ne'er shall see—thy face !
 Can he not hear
 The loud Wul-wulch warn his distant ear ?
 Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
 The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,
 The silent slaves with folded arms that wait.
 Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,
 Tell him thy tale !
 Thou didst not view thy Selim fall !
 That fearful moment when he left the cave
 Thy heart grew chill :
 He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all—
 And that last thought on him thou couldst not save
 Sufficed to kill :
 Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still.

Lord Byron.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless mind !
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Lord Byron.

WASHINGTON.

CAN tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And Freedom find no champion and no child
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled ?
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington ? Hath Earth no more
Such deeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore ?

Lord Byron.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet

To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Lord Byron.

HOLY GROUND.

WHERE'ER we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon;
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

Lord Byron.

IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN

IF sometimes in the haunts of men
Thine image from my breast may fade,
The lonely hour presents again
The semblance of thy gentle shade:
And now that sad and silent hour
Thus much of thee can still restore,
And sorrow unobserved may pour
The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, parden that in crowds awhile
I waste one thought I owe to thee,
And, self-condemned, appear to smile,
Unfaithful to thy memory!
Nor deem that memory less dear,
That then I seem not to repine;
I would not fools should overhear
One sigh that should be wholly thine.

Lord Byron.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

Lord Byron.

NAPOLEON.

BUT thou, forsooth, must be a king,
And don the purple vest,
As if that foolish robe could wring
Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is the faded garment ? where
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
The star—the string—the crest ?
Vain froward child of empire ! say,
Are all thy playthings snatched away ?

Lord Byron.

PARNASSUS.

OFt have I dreamed of thee ! whose glorious name
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore ;
And now I view thee, 'tis, alas ! with shame
That I in feeblest accents must adore.
When I recount thy worshippers of yore,
I tremble, and can only bend the knee ;
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
I silent joy to think at last I look on thee !

Lord Byron.

YOUTH AND AGE.

THERE's not a joy the world can give like that it takes
away
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's
dull decay ;

'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which
fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself
be past.

Lord Byron.

TWILIGHT.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

Lord Byron.

THE PARTING OF CONRAD AND MEDORA.

"AND is he gone?"—on sudden solitude
How oft that fearful question will intrude!
"'Twas but an instant past—and here he stood!
And now"—without the portal's porch she rushed,
And then at length her tears in freedom gushed;
Big,—bright—and fast, unknown to her they fell;
But still her lips refused to send—"Farewell!"
For in that word—that fatal word—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair,
O'er every feature of that still pale face,
Had sorrow fixed what time can ne'er erase:
The tender blue of that large loving eye
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,
Till—oh, how far!—it caught a glimpse of him,
And then it flowed—and phrensied seemed to swim,
Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes dewed
With drops of sadness oft to be renewed.

"He's gone!"—against her heart that hand is driven,
Convulsed and quick—then gently raised to heaven;
She looked and saw the heaving of the main;
The white sail set—she dared not look again;
But turned with sickening soul within the gate—
"It is no dream—and I am desolate!"

Lord Byron.

LONELINESS.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot had ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean:
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores un-
rolled.

But, 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued:
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

Lord Byron.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me;
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep ;
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee,
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

Lord Byron.

THE PURSUIT OF BEAUTY.

As rising on its purple wing
The insect-queen of eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower,
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye :
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wing as wild ;
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.

Lord Byron.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving Love endears ;
If there the cherished heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears—
How welcome those untrodden spheres !
How sweet this very hour to die !
To soar from earth and find all fears,
Lost in thy light—Eternity !

It must be so : 'tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink ;
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
Yet cling to Being's severing link.

Oh ! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares,
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs.

Lord Byron.

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

On Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,
On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—
Yet there—even there—O God ! Thy thunders sleep :

There—where Thy finger scorched the tablet stone !
There—where Thy shadow to Thy people shone !
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire :
Thyself—none living see and not expire !

Oh ! in the lightning let Thy glance appear ;
Sweep from his shivered hand the oppressor's spear ;
How long by tyrants shall Thy land be trod !
How long Thy temple worshipless, oh God !

Lord Byron.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our Country, our God—oh, my sire !
Demand that thy daughter expire ;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now !

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more :
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow !

And of this, oh, my father ! be sure—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent !
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free !

Lord Byron.

TIME'S RAVAGES.

THERE is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashioned by long-forgotten hands ;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown.
Out upon Time ! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before !
Out upon Time ! who forever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be ;
What we have seen, our sons shall see,—
Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone, reared by creatures of clay !

Lord Byron.

CORINTH.

MANY a vanished year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth ; yet she stands
A fortress formed to Freedom's hands.
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
Have left untouched her hoary rock,
The keystone of a land which still,
Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill,
The landmark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side,
As if their waters chafed to meet,
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.

Lord Byron.

FAREWELL ! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

FAREWELL ! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.

'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh :
Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word—Farewell !—Farewell !

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry ;
But in my breast and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel :
I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell !—Farewell !

Lord Byron.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss ;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

Lord Byron.

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul !
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be ;
And our sorrows may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb !
May its verdure like emeralds be :

There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest :
But nor cypress nor yew let us see ;
For why should we mourn for the blest ?

Lord Byron.

PREVISION.

BUT I have lived, and have not lived in vain :
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire ;
And my frame perish e'en in conquering pain ;
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire ;
Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now, the late remorse of love,

Lord Byron

ITALIA OH ITALIA !

ITALIA ! oh Italia ! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.

Lord Byron.

NATURE'S DESPOILER.

STRANGE—that where Nature loved to trace,
As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,
And every charm and grace hath mixed
Within the paradise she fixed,
There man, enamored of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness.
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour :

Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him—but to spare.

Lord Byron.

DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless ; and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air ;
Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation ; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light :
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons ; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face.

Lord Byron.

THE GRECIAN ISLES.

FAIR clime ! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the Eastern wave :
And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odors there !

Lord Byron.

THE WASTE OF LIFE.

OH ! could I feel as I have felt—or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanished scene ;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish
though they be,
So 'midst the withered waste of life those tears would
flow to me.

Lord Byron.

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS.

SUN of the sleepless ! melancholy star !
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to joy remembered well !
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays ;
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant—clear, but, oh, how cold !

Lord Byron.

THE ISOLATION OF GENIUS.

HE who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow ;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below,
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

Lord Byron.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find ;

Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in *thee*.

Lord Byron.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea ;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee !

Here's a sigh for those that love me,
And a smile for those who hate ;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on ;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Lord Byron.

SOLITUDE.

THERE'S a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is a society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar ;
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Lord Byron.

MAMMON.

MAIDENS, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.

Lord Byron.

UNEMPLOYED MIND.

THE keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed.

Lord Byron.

LOVE.

YES, Love indeed is light from heaven ;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.

Lord Byron.

FUTURITY.

WELL did'st thou speak, Athena's wisest son !
" All that we know is, nothing can be known."
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun ?
Each has his pang, but feeble sufferers groan.
With brain-born dreams of evils all their own.

Lord Byron.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

MAN's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.

Lord Byron.

WORDS.

BUT words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions think.

Lord Byron.

THE AMERICAN PRESS.

HERE shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain ;
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law.

Joseph Story.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone at my side;
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the Present, I cling to the Past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled,
Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory—that vanish too soon;
Daydreams—that depart ere manhood's noon;
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft;
Companions of early days—lost or left;
And my native land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;

Thomas Pringle, 1788-1834.

PLEASANT TEVIOTDALE.

O GENTLE wind, ('tis thus she sings,)
That blowest to the west,
Oh, couldst thou waft me on thy wings.
To the land that I love best,
How swiftly o'er the ocean foam
Like a sea-bird I would sail,
And lead my loved one blithely home,
To pleasant Teviotdale!

Thomas Pringle.

THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

WOULD'ST thou view the lion's den?
Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed encircled rill
Oozes from the rocky hill,
By its verdure far descried
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim,
Couchant, lurks the lion grim ;
Watching till the close of day
Brings the death-devoted prey.
Heedless at the ambush'd brink,
The tall giraffe stoops down to drink ;
Upon him straight, the savage springs
With cruel joy. The desert rings
With clanging sound of desperate strife—
The prey is strong, and he strives for life.
Plunging off with frantic bound
To shake the tyrant to the ground,
He shrieks—he rushes through the waste,
With glaring eye, and headlong haste.

Thomas Pringle.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

OUR native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu !
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song—
Farewell, ye braes and blossom'd meads,
Our hearts have loved so long.

Thomas Pringle.

FUNERAL HYMN.

OH ! beautiful the streams
That through our valleys run,
Singing and dancing in the gleams
Of summer's cloudless sun.
The sweetest of them all
From its fairy banks is gone,
And the music of the waterfall
Hath left the silent stone.

Up among the mountains,
In soft and mossy cell,
By thy silent springs and fountains,
The happy wild flowers dwell.
The queen-rose of the wilderness
Hath withered in the wind,
And the shepherds see no loveliness
In the blossoms left behind.

John Wilson (Christopher North), 1785-1854.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

BESIDE her babe, who sweetly slept,
A widow'd mother sat and wept
O'er years of love gone by ;
And as the sobs thick gathering came,
She murmur'd her dead husband's name
'Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be sad,
For not one single friend she had
On this cold-hearted earth ;
The sea will not give back its prey—
And they were wrapt in foreign clay
Who gave the orphan birth.

John Wilson.

THE SABBATH-DAY.

WHEN by God's inward light, a happy child,
I walk'd in joy, as in the open air,
It seem'd to my young thought the Sabbath smiled
With glory and with love. So still, so fair,
The heavens look'd ever on that hallow'd morn,
That, without aid of memory, something there
Had surely told me of its glad return.
How did my little heart at evening burn,
When fondly seated on my father's knee,
Taught by the lip of love, I breathed the prayer,

Warm from the fount of infant piety !
Much is my spirit changed ; for years have brought
Intenser feeling and expanded thought ;
—Yet, must I envy every child I see !

John Wilson.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow :
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow !
Even in its very motion there was rest :
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul !
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given ;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onwards to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

John Wilson.

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

MAGNIFICENT creature ! so stately and bright !
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight ;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far beaming head ;
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale !
Hail ! king of the wild and the beautiful !—hail !
Hail ! idol divine !—whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and
moor,
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore :
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

John Wilson.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth ?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along that forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair ?
Oh ! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doom'd to death ;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent ;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
A phantom of a blessed dream ?

John Wilson.

NIGHT AT SEA.

It is the midnight hour :—the beauteous Sea,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes,
As if the Ocean's heart were stirred
With inward life, a sound is heard,
Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep ;
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy Deep.

John Wilson.

MARY'S GRAVE.

FAIR, fair beneath the evening sky
The quiet churchyard lay :
The tall pine-grove most solemnly
Hung mute above her clay.

Dearly she loved their arching spread,
Their music wild and sweet,
And, as she wish'd on her deathbed,
Was buried at their feet.

John Wilson.

THE SEA.

THE sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies ;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

B. W. Procter (Barry Cornwall,) 1787-1874

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,
Gentle Death !
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring Life
She hath seen her happy day—
She hath had her bud and blossom ;
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom !

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear !
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies—sweet Love !
Good she was, and fair in youth ;
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth :
Take her, then, for evermore—
Forever—evermore !

B. W. Procter.

THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG.

SLEEP !—The ghostly winds are blowing !
No moon abroad—no star is glowing ;
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going !
We are going afar,
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where the sinless angels are !

I lost my heart to your heartless sire,
(’Twas melted away by his looks of fire)—
• Forgot my God and my father’s ire,
All for the sake of a man’s desire;

But now we’ll go
Where the waters flow,
And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel—the world is untrue;
Our foes are many, our friends are few;
No work, no bread, however we sue!
What is there left for me to do,

But fly—fly
From the cruel sky,
And hide in the deepest deeps—and die?

B. W. Procter.

PEACE! WHAT DO TEARS AVAIL?

PEACE! what can tears avail?

She lies all dumb and pale,

And from her eye

The spirit of lovely life is fading—

And she must die!

Why looks the lover wroth—the friend upbraiding;

Reply, reply!

Hath she not dwelt too long

’Midst pain, and grief, and wrong?

Then why not die?

Why suffer again her doom of sorrow,

And hopeless lie?

Why nurse the trembling dream until to-morrow?

Reply, reply!

Death! Take her to thine arms,

In all her stainless charms!

And with her fly

To heavenly haunts, where, clad in brightness,

The angels lie!

Wilt bear her there, O Death! in all her whiteness?

Reply, reply!

B. W. Procter.

THE OWL.

In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
The spectral Owl doth dwell ;
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk he's abroad and well !
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him—
All mock him outright by day ;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away !
Oh, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then, is the reign of the Horned Owl !

B. W. Procter.

TO THE SNOWDROP.

PRETTY firstling of the !
Herald of the host of flowers !
Hast thou left thy cavern drear,
In the hope of summer hours ?
Back unto thy earthen bowers !
Back to the warm world below,
Till the strength of suns and showers
Quell the now relentless snow !

Art still here ?—Alive, and blythe ?
Though the stormy Night hath fled,
And the Frost hath pass'd his scythe
O'er thy small, unshelter'd head ?
Ah ! some lie amidst the dead
(Many a giant, stubborn tree,—
Many a plant, its spirit shed),
That were better nursed than thee !

B. W. Procter.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea—
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.

The sails are scatter'd abroad like weeds ;
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds ;
The mighty cables and iron chains ;
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,—
They strain and they crack ; and hearts like stone
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

B. W. Procter.

TOUCH US GENTLY, TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time !
Let us glide adown the stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead !)

Tonch us gently, Time !
We've not proud nor soaring wings ;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime :—
Touch us gently, gentle Time !

B. W. Procter.

THE SLEEPING FIGURE OF MODENA.

UPON a couch of silk and gold
A pale enchanted lady lies,
And o'er her many a frowning fold
Of crimson shades her closed eyes ;
And shadowy creatures round her rise ;
And ghosts of women masked in woe ;
And many a phantom pleasures flies :
And lovers slain—ah, long ago !

B. W. Procter.

SONG FOR TWILIGHT.

HIDE me, O twilight air !
Hide me from thought, from care,
From all things foul or fair,
Until to-morrow !
To-night I strive no more ;
No more my soul shall soar ;
Come, sleep, and shut the door
'Gainst pain and sorrow !

B. W. Procter.

A DIRGE.

SING a low song !
A tender cradling measure, soft and low,
Not sad, nor long.
But such as we remember long ago,
When Time, now old, was flying
Over the sunny seasons, bright and fleet,
And the red rose was lying
Amongst a crowd of flowers all too sweet.

B. W. Procter.

THE NIGHT.

OH, the night brings sleep
To the greenwoods deep,
To the birds of the woods its nest ;
To care soft hours,
To life new powers,
To the sick and the weary—rest !

B. W. Procter.

SONGS OF ZION.

HARP of Zion, pure and holy,
Pride of Judah's eastern land,
May a child of guilt and folly
Strike thee with a feeble hand ?
May I to my bosom take thee,
Trembling from the prophet's touch,
And with throbbing heart awake thee
To the strains I love so much ?

I have loved thy thrilling numbers,
Since the dawn of childhood's day;
Since a mother soothed my slumbers
With the cadence of thy lay;
Since a little blooming sister
Clung with transport round my knee,
And my glowing spirit bless'd her
With a blessing caught from thee!

Mother—sister—both are sleeping
Where no heaving hearts respire,
Whilst the eve of age is creeping
Round the widow'd spouse and sire.
He and his, amid their sorrow,
Find enjoyment in thy strain:
Harp of Zion, let me borrow
Comfort from thy chords again!

William Knox, 1789-1825.

SONGS OF ISRAEL.

My song hath closed, the holy dream
That raised my thoughts o'er all below,
Hath faded like the lunar beam,
And left me 'mid a night of woe—
To look and long, and sigh in vain
For friends I ne'er shall meet again.

And yet the earth is green and gay;
And yet the skies are pure and bright;
But, 'mid each gleam of pleasure gay,
Some cloud of sorrow dims my sight;
For weak is now the tenderest tongue
That might my simple songs have sung.

William Knox.

DIRGE OF RACHEL.

THE spring comes smiling down the vale,
The lilies and the roses bringing;
But Rachel never more shall hail
The flowers that in the world are springing.

William Knox.

THE VIRTUOUS WOMAN.

THE shadowy blush that tints her cheek,
For ever coming—ever going,
May well the spotless fount bespeak
That sets the stream aflowing.

William Knox.

I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee—I think of thee,
And all that thou hast borne for me ;
In hours of gloom, or heartless glee,
I think of thee—I think of thee !

When fiercest rage the storms of Fate,
And all around is desolate ;
I pour on life's tempestuous sea
The oil of peace—with thoughts of thee !

When Fortune frowns and hopes deceive me,
And summer-friends in sorrow leave me ;
A Timon, from the world I flee—
My wreck of wealth—sweet dreams of thee !

Alaric Alex. Watts, 1789-1864.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

LET others seek for empty joys
At ball or concert, rout or play ;
Whilst, far from fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes, and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away,—
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own Fireside !

Alaric Alex. Watts.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in my eyes
When first I clasped thee to my heart, and heard thy
feeble cries ;

For I thought of all that I had borne as I bent me down
to kiss
Thy cherry lips and sunny brow, my first-born bud of
bliss !

I turned to many a withered hope, to years of grief and
pain,
And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world flashed o'er my
boding brain ;
I thought of friends, grown worse than cold—of perse-
cuting foes,
And I asked of Heaven if ills like these must mar thy
youth's repose !

I gazed upon thy quiet face, half-blinded by my tears,
Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came brightening on
my fears ;
Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone 'mid the clouds of
gloom that bound them,
As stars dart down their loveliest light when midnight
skies are 'round them.

My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life's brief hour is o'er,
And a father's anxious fears for thee can fever me no
more !
And for the hopes, the sun-bright hopes, that blossomed
at thy birth,
They, too, have fled, to prove how frail are cherished
things of earth !

Alaric Alex. Watts.

LOVE'S FOLLIES.

WHEN lulled in passion's dream my senses slept,
How did I act ?—e'en as a wayward child ;
I smiled with pleasure when I should have wept,
And wept with sorrow when I should have smiled.

W. T. Moncreiff, 1790-1850.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried :
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet or in shroud we bound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought on the morrow.

Charles Wolfe, 1791-1823.

THE DEATH OF MARY.

If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be ;
It never through my mind has pass'd,
That time would e'er be o'er—
When I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more.

Charles Wolfe.

GO, FORGET ME.

Go, forget me : why should sorrow
O'er that brow a darkness fling ?
Go, forget me ; and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing ;

Smile—though I shall not be near thee,
Sing—though I shall never hear thee :
May thy soul with pleasure shine,
Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Charles Wolfe.

HYMN.

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Henry Hart Milman, 1791-1868.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

EVEN thus, amid thy pride and luxury,
O Earth ! shall that last coming burst on thee,
That secret coming of the SON OF MAN !
When all the cherub-thronging clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with His bright advancing sign ;
When that Great Husbandman shall wave His fan,
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away.
Still, to the noontide of that nightless day,
Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain :
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
And marriage-feasts begin their jocund strain.

Henry Hart Milman.

THE COMING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

THOU hast left the joyous feast,
And the mirth and wine have ceased ;
And now we set thee down before
The jealously-unclosing door,

That the favor'd youth admits
Where the veiled virgin sits
In the bliss of maiden fear,
Waiting our soft tread to hear,
And the music's brisker din
At the bridegroom's entering in,
Entering in, a welcome guest,
To the chamber of his rest.

Henry Hart Milman.

CHORUS.

KING of kings ! and Lord of lords !
Thus we move, our sad steps timing ;
To our cymbals' feeblest chiming,
Where Thy house its rest accords.
Chased and wounded birds are we,
Through the dark air fled to Thee—
To the shadow of Thy wings,
Lord of lords ! and King of kings !

Henry Hart Milman.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

DEATH found strange beauty on that polished brow,
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
O'er cheek and lip. He touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded

Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wistful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
Forever.

There had been a murmuring sound,
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
The seal of silence.

But there beamed a smile,
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not steal
The signet-ring of heaven.

Lydia H. Sigourney, 1791-1865.

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

COMPANION dear ! the hour draws nigh,
The sentence speeds—to die, to die.
So long in mystic union held,
So close with strong embrace compelled,
How canst thou bear the dread decree,
That strikes thy clasping nerves from me.
—To Him who on this mortal shore,
The same encircling vestment wore,
To Him I look, to Him I bend,
To Him thy shuddering frame commend.
—If I have ever caused thee pain,
The throbbing breast, the burning brain,
With cares and vigils turned thee pale
And scorned thee when thy strength did fail,
Forgive ! forgive !—thy task doth cease,
Friend ! Lover !—let us part in peace.

Lydia H. Sigourney.

CONCEALMENT.

THINK'ST thou to be concealed, thou little thought !
That in the curtained chamber of the soul
Dost wrap thyself so close, and dream to do
A hidden work ? Look to the hues that roll
O'er the changed brow, the moving lip behold,
Linking thee unto sound, the feet that run
Upon thine errands, and the deeds that stamp
Thy likeness plain before the noonday sun.

Lydia H. Sigourney.

THE VIRGINIAN COLONISTS.

CLIME of the West ! that to the hunters bow,
And roving hordes of savage men, wert sold,—
Their cone-roofed wigwams pierced the wintry snow,
Their tasselled corn crept sparsely through the mould,
Their bark canoes thy glorious waters clave,
The chase their glory, and the wild their grave—
Look up ! a loftier destiny behold,
For to thy coast the fair-haired Saxon steers,
Rich with the spoils of time, the lore of bards and seers.

Lydia H. Sigourney.

THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

BLUE-BIRD! on yon leafless tree,
Dost thou carol thus to me,
"Spring is coming! Spring is here!"
Say'st thou so, my birdie dear?
What is that, in misty shroud
Stealing from the darken'd cloud?
Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound
Settles o'er the whitened ground,
Yet thou singest, blithe and clear,
"Spring is coming! Spring is here!"

Lydia H. Sigourney.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS AT SEA.

BORNE upon the ocean's foam,
Far from native land and home,
Midnight's curtain, dense with wrath,
Brooding o'er our venturous path,
While the mountain wave is rolling,
And the ship's bell faintly tolling:
Saviour! on the boisterous sea,
Bid us rest secure in Thee.

Lydia H. Sigourney.

TO THE NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray
Star inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1792-1822.

TIME.

UNFATHOMABLE SEA ! whose waves are years
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears !
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality !
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore ;
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable sea ?

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

A LAMENT.

O WORLD ! O life ! O time !
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before ;
When will return the glory of your prime ?
No more—oh, never more !

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight :
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—oh, never more !

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion ;
Nothing in the world is single ;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,

And the waves clasp one another ;
 No sister flower would be forgiven
 If it disdained its brother :
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea ;—
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED.

WHEN the lamp is shattered
 The light in the dust lies dead—
 When the cloud is scattered
 The rainbow's glory is shed.
 When the lute is broken,
 Sweet tones are remembered not ;
 When the lips have spoken,
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,
 The heart's echoes render
 No song when the spirit is mute :
 No song but sad dirges,
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,
 Or the mournful surges
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

TO THE SKYLARK.

LIKE a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
 thieves :

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,

Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass :

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine ;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

A LAMENT.

SWIFTER than the summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone.
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left alone.

The swallow Summer comes again,
The owlet Night resumes her reign,
But the wild swan Youth is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou !
My heart each day desires the morrow,
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow ;
Vainly would my Winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the sea and the streams ;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast
As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE PAST

WILT thou forget the happy hours
Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,
Heaping over their corpses cold
Blossoms and leaves, instead of mould?
Blossoms which were the joys that fell,
And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

Forget the dead, the past? Oh, yet
There are ghosts that may take revenge for it,
Memories that make the heart a tomb,
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,
And with ghastly whispers tell
That joy, once lost, is pain.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

TO THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

A SENSITIVE PLANT in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE PINE FOREST.

WE wandered to the pine forest
That skirts the ocean foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.

The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

I ARISE from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright;
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber-window, Sweet?

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

ORPHAN hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry hours, smile instead,
For the year is but asleep.
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping,

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother, Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

MUTABILITY.

THE flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow dies ;
 All that we wished to stay
 Tempts, and then flies ;
 What is this world's delight ?
 Lightning that mocks the night,
 Brief even as bright.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

KINGS.

KINGS are like stars,—they rise and set, they have
 The worship of the world, but no repose.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

POETRY.

MOST wretched men
 Are cradled into poetry by wrong ;
 They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE PEASANT POET.

O POVERTY ! thy frowns were early dealt
 O'er him who mourn'd thee, not by fancy led
 To whine and wail o'er woes he never felt,
 Staining his rhymes with tears he never shed,
 And heaving sighs a mock song only bred :
 Alas ! he knew too much of every pain
 That shower'd full thick on his unshelter'd head ;
 And as his tears and sighs did erst complain,
 His numbers took it up, and wept it o'er again.

John Clare, 1794-1864

FIRST-LOVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

FIRST-LOVE will with the heart remain
 When its hopes are all gone by
 As frail rose-blossoms still retain
 Their fragrance when they die :

And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
With the shades 'mid which they sprung,
As summer leaves the stems behind
On which spring's blossoms hung,

John Clare.

**THE DAWNINGS OF YOUTHFUL GENIUS IN A
PLOUGHBOY.**

OFT will he stoop, inquisitive to trace
The opening beauties of a daisy's face ;
Oft will he witness, with admiring eyes,
The brook's sweet dimples o'er the pebbles rise.

John Clare.

HOME YEARNINGS.

OH for that sweet, untroubled rest
That poets oft have sung !—
The babe upon its mother's breast,
The bird upon its young,
The heart asleep without a pain—
When shall I know that sleep again !

John Clare.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.
The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now ?

Felicia Hemans, 1793-1835.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

NOR as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came :—
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;—

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang :
Till the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

Felicia Hemans.

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

OH ! call my brother back to me !
I cannot play alone ;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone ?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track ;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh ! call my brother back !

Felicia Hemans.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come ! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountain with light and song ;
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars on the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

Felicia Hemans.

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

TEACH them your children round the hearth,
When evening-fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer !

So shall each unforgotten word,
When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts that once it stirr'd,
To childhood's holy home.

Felicia Hemans.

THE VAUDOIS WIFE.

THOU see'st mine eye grow dim, beloved !
Thou see'st my life-blood flow,—
Bow to the chastener silently,
And calmly let me go !
A little while between our hearts
The shadowy gulf must lie,
Yet have we for their communing
Still, still Eternity !

Felicia Hemans.

INNOCENCE.

THE flowers the sultry summer kills
Spring's milder suns restore ;
But innocence, that fickle charm,
Blooms once, and blooms no more.

Felicia Hemans.

DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set ;—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

Felicia Hemans.

THE DYING YEAR.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown
and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered leaves
lie dead.

They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Wm. Cullen Bryant, 1794-1878.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

WHERE are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood,
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves—the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours:
The rain is falling where they lie—but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

Wm. Cullen Bryant.

FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learn'd
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offer'd to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

Wm. Cullen Bryant.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides

Into his dark musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

Wm. Cullen Bryant.

ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

O FREEDOM ! thou art not as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crown'd his slave,
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Arm'd to the teeth, art thou : one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword ; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarr'd
With tokens of old wars ; thy massive limbs
Are strong and struggling. Power at thee has launch'd
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee :
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.

Wm. Cullen Bryant.

AN INDIAN STORY.

I KNOW where the timid fawn abides
In the depths of the shaded dell,
Where the leaves are broad, and the thicket hides,
With its many stems and its tangled sides,
From the eye of the hunter well.

I know where the young May violet grows,
In its lone and lowly nook,
On the mossy bank, where the larch tree throws
Its broad dark boughs, in solemn repose,
Far over the silent brook.

Wm. Cullen Bryant.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold ;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.

Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree ;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.

Wm. Cullen Bryant

AUTUMN WOODS.

ERE, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

Wm. Cullen Bryant.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Wm. Cullen Bryant.

OH, FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS.

OH, fairest of the rural maids !
Thy birth was in the forest shades ;
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
Were all that met thy infant eye.
Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child
Were ever in the sylvan wild ;
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

Wm. Cullen Bryant.

THE VANITIES OF LIFE.

AND leaves the vain low strife,
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

Wm. Cullen Bryant.

THE DEAD.

ALL that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.

Wm. Cullen Bryant.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

TRUTH crushed to earth shall rise again ;
The Eternal years of God are hers ;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among her worshippers.

Wm. Cullen Bryant.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies ;
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light.
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Joseph Rodman Drake, 1795-1824.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

COME to the bridal chamber, Death !
 Come to the mother's, when she feels,
 For the first time, her firstborn's breath ;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean-storm,
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine ;
 And thou art terrible—the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier ;
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword,
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ?
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.

Fitz-Greene Halleck, 1795-1867.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH R. DRAKE.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
 Friend of my better days ;
 None knew thee but to love thee,
 Nor named thee but to praise.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

BERNARDO AND ALPHONSO.

WITH some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath
 appear'd
 Before them all in the Palace hall, the lying King to
 beard ;
 With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverend
 guise,
 But ever and anon he frown'd and flame broke from his
 eyes.

J. G. Lockhart, 1794-1854.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

SHE is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be :
Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smiled on me ;
Oh, then I saw her eye was bright—
A well of love, a spring of light.

Hariley Coleridge, 1796-1849.

TAKE ME, MOTHER EARTH.

TAKE me, Mother Earth, to thy cold breast,
And fold me there in everlasting rest !
The long day is o'er :
I'm weary, I would sleep ;
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more !

Mrs. Jameson, 1796-1860.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea ;
And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's
dwelling,
And she cried, " Dermot, darling, oh ! come back to
me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended the knee,
" Oh ! blessed be that warning, my child, thy sleep
adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

Samuel Lover, 1797-1868.

OH, NO ! WE NEVER MENTION HIM.

OH, no ! we never mention him, his name is never heard ;
My lips are now forbid to speak that once familiar word ;
From sport to sport they hurry me, to banish my regret ;
And when they win a smile from me, they think that I
forget.

Thomas Haynes Bayly, 1797-1830.

FARE THEE WELL.

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light;
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs to-night?
Through the mist that floats above us
Faintly sounds the vesper-bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly, Fare thee well!

Thomas Haynes Bayley.

THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Thomas Hood, 1798-1845.

AUTUMN.

THE Autumn is old;
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gather'd up gold,
And now he is dying:
Old age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe ;
The harvest is heaping ;
But some that have sow'd
Have no riches for reaping :—
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping !

The year's in the wane ;
There is nothing adorning ;
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning ;
Cold Winter gives warning !

Thomas Hood.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly unfortunate,
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.

Thomas Hood.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the " Song of the Shirt ! "

Thomas Hood.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn;
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day,
 But now I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away!

Thomas Hood.

RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
 Clasped by the golden light of morn,
 Like the sweetheart of the sun,
 Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
 Deeply ripened—such a blush
 In the midst of brown was born—
 Like red poppies grown with corn.

Thomas Hood.

DOMESTIC ASIDES;**OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS.**

I REALLY take it very kind—
 This visit, Mrs. Skinner—
 I have not seen you such an age—
 (The wretch has come to dinner!)
 Your daughters, too—what loves of girls!
 What heads for painters' easels!
 Come here, and kiss the infant, dears—
 (And give it, p'rhaps the measles!)

Thomas Hood.

THE ROSE.

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,
 Whose head is turn'd by the sun;
 The tulip is a courtly queen,
 Whom therefore, I will shun;

The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun ;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

Thomas Hood.

LOVE THY MOTHER,

Love thy mother, little one !
Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one !

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee,—
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes !

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,—
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow !

Thomas Hood.

MIRTH AND MELANCHOLY.

There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy.

Thomas Hood.

GOLD.

How widely its agencies vary,—
To save, to ruin, to curse to bless,—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a bloody Mary.

Thomas Hood.

LANGSYNE.

Langsyne !—how doth the word come back
 With magic meaning to the heart,
 As memory roams the sunny track,
 From which hope's dreams were loath to part !
 No joy like by-past joy appears ;
 For what is gone we fret and pine.
 Were life spun out a thousand years
 It could not match Langsyne !

D. M. Moir, 1798-1851

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

Who sleeps below ? who sleeps below ?
 It is a question idle all !
 Ask of the breezes as they blow,
 Say, do they heed, or hear thy call ?
 They murmur in the trees around,
 And mock thy voice, an empty sound !

D. M. Moir.

"FORGET THEE ?"

"FORGET thee ?" if to dream by night, and muse on thee
 by day,
 If all the worship deep and wild a poet's heart can pay,
 If prayers in absence breathed for thee to Heaven's pro-
 tecting power,
 If wingéd thoughts that flit to thee, a thousand in an hour,
 If busy fancy blending thee with all my future lot,
 If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou, indeed, shalt be
 forgot !

James Moultrie, 1799-1874.

RED RIDING HOOD.

Too long in the meadow staying,
 Where the cowslip bends,
 With the buttercups delaying
 As with early friends,
 Did the little maiden stay.

Sorrowful the tale for us ;
We, too, loiter 'mid life's flowers,
A little while so glorious,
So soon lost in darker hours.
All love lingering on their way,
Like Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

Letitia E. Landon, 1802-'39.

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

ONE midnight, while her constant tears
Were falling with the dew,
She heard a voice, and lo ! her child
Stood by her, weeping too !

His shroud was damp, his face was white,
He said, " I cannot sleep,
Your tears have made my shroud so wet,
Oh, mother, do not weep ! "

Oh, love is strong !—the mother's heart
Was filled with tender fears ;
Oh, love is strong !—and for her child
Her grief restrained its tears.

Letitia E. Landon.

PREVIOUS EXISTENCE.

REMEMBRANCE makes the poet ; 'tis the past
Lingering within him, with a keener sense
Than is upon the thoughts of common men
Of what has been, that fills the actual world
With unreal likenesses of lovely shapes,
That were and are not ; and the fairer they,
The more their contrast with existing things ;
The more his power, the greater is his grief.

Letitia E. Landon.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree !
Touch not a single bough !
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot ;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not !

George P. Morris, 1800-'64.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

THE room is old—the night is cold,—
But night is dearer far than day ;
For then, in dreams, to him it seems,
That she's return'd who's gone away !
His tears are pass'd—he clasps her fast,—
Again she holds him on her knee ;
And, in his sleep, he murmurs deep,
“Oh ! mother, go no more from me !”

Charles Swain, 1803-'74.

WHAT IS NOBLE ?

WHAT is noble ?—to inherit
Wealth, estate, and proud degree ?—
There must be some other merit
Higher yet than these for me !—
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span,
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man.

Charles Swain.

GOOD-BYE, PROUD WORLD !

GOOD-BYE, proud world ! I'm going home ;
Thou art not my friend ; I am not thine :
Too long through weary crowds I roam :—
A river ark on the ocean brine,

Too long I am toss'd like the driven foam ;
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face ;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace ;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye ;
To supple office, low and high ;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,
To those who go, and those who come,
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-'82.

BETTER MOMENTS.

My Mother's voice ! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours !
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I can forget her melting prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly,
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tone comes stealing by,
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

Nathaniel P. Willis, 1807-'67.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

Woe ! for my vine-clad home !
That it should ever be so dark to me,
With its bright threshold, and its whispering tree !
That I should ever come,
Fearing the lonely echo of a tread,
Beneath the roof-tree of my glorious dead !

Lead on ! my orphan boy !
Thy home is not so desolate to thee,
And the low shiver in the linden tree
May bring to thee a joy ;
But, oh ! how dark is the bright home before thee,
To her who with a joyous spirit bore thee !

Nathaniel P. Willis.

AN OLD MAN'S HEART.

FOR it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

Nathaniel P. Willis.

LOST FEELINGS.

OH ! weep not that our beauty wears
Beneath the wings of Time ;
That age o'erclouds the brow with cares
That once was raised sublime.

* * * * *

BUT mourn the inward wreck we feel
As hoary years depart,
And Time's effacing fingers steal
Young feelings from the heart !

Robert Montgomery, 1807-'55.

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies !
And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
At dead of night along some noiseless way,
How the heart mingles with the moonlit hour,
As if the starry heavens suffused a power !

Robert Montgomery.

THE OCEAN.

AND thou vast ocean, on whose awful face
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace.

Robert Montgomery.

I THINK ON THEE.

I THINK on thee in the night,
When all beside is still,

And the moon comes out, with her pale, sad light
To sit on the lonely hill ;
When the stars are all like dreams,
And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,
Like thy spirit's low replies.

Thomas K. Hervey, 1804-'59.

THE VALE OF CHILDHOOD.

YEARS have gone by !—and life's lowlands are past,
And I stand on the hill which I sigh'd for, at last ;
But I turn from the summit that once was my star,
To the vale of my childhood, seen dimly and far.

Thomas K. Hervey.

OUR DREAM OF LOVE.

ADIEU, adieu !—our dream of love
Was far too sweet to linger long ;
Such hopes may bloom in bowers above,
But here they mock the fond and young.

Thomas K. Hervey.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

WHO, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by—
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and show,
Oh ! there be hearts that are breaking below ?

Thomas K. Hervey.

EARLY LOVE.

THE love that took an early root,
And had an early doom.

Thomas K. Hervey.

LITTLE STREAMS.

DOWN in valleys green and lowly,
Murmuring not and gliding slowly ;

Up in mountain-hollows wild,
Fretting like a peevish child;
Through the hamlet, where all day
In their waves the children play;
Running west or running east,
Doing good to man and beast—
Always giving, weary never,
Little streams, I love you ever.

Mary Howitt, 1804—

OLD ENGLAND.

OLD England is our home, and Englishmen are we;
Our tongue is known in every land, our flag in every sea.

Mary Howitt.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

THAN wander back to life, and lean
On our frail love once more.
'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

John Keble, 1800-'66.

THE BIBLE.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need—
Pure eyes and loving hearts.

John Keble.

ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

John Keble.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and blear'd ;
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely !

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow ;
Caw ! caw ! the rooks are calling.
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe !

Through woods and mountain-passes
The winds, like anthems, roll ;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing ; Pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—pray !

Henry W. Longfellow, 1807-'82.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Henry W. Longfellow.

MAIDENHOOD

MAIDEN ! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou, whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet !
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Henry W. Longfellow.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls !
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above ;
The calm majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

Henry W. Longfellow.

EXCELSIOR.

AT break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far.
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !

Henry W. Longfellow.

ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars,
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver-white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE STARS.

THE star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE SPRING.

THE sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

ONCE as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning out tender ;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
 Fell their soft splendor.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

AND children coming home from school
Look in at the open door :
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

Henry W. Longfellow.

FLOWERS.

And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

Henry W. Longfellow.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

ERE the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall.

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms, vast and wan,
Beleaguer the human soul.

Henry W. Longfellow.

VISIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

VISIONS of childhood! Stay, O stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! they pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!"

Henry W. Longfellow.

SELECTIONS FROM VARIOUS POEMS.

O THOU child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—life hath snares!

A FEELING of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain.

AND the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

THE hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

INTO each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

THE heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there ;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

THERE is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

Henry W. Longfellow.

PENTUCKET.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town
The mellow light of sunset shone !
Each small, bright lake, whose waters still

Mirror the forest and the hill,
Reflected from his waveless breast
The beauty of a cloudless west,
Glorious as if a glimpse were given
Within the western gates of Heaven,
Left, by the spirit of the star
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

John G. Whittier, 1808—

THE YANKEE GIRL.

SHE sings at her wheel, at that low cottage door,
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,
With a music as sweet as the music which seems
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams.

John G. Whittier.

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

CHAMPION of those who groan beneath
Oppression's iron hand,
In view of penury, hate and death,
I see thee fearless stand,
Still bearing up thy lofty brow
In the steadfast strength of truth,
In manhood sealing well thy vow
And promise of thy youth.

John G. Whittier.

ON THE DEATH OF S. O. TORREY.

Gone before us, O our brother,
To the spirit land!
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand.

John G. Whittier.

PALESTINE.

BLEST land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories, pilgrim-like, throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of the sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

John G. Whittier.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

FOR of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these : " It might have been ! "

John G. Whittier.

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

A DEWDROP, falling on the wild sea-wave,
Exclaimed in fear, " I perish in this grave ! "
But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew ;
And, happy, now the grave did magnify
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared, to die ;
Until again, " I perish quite ! " it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed.
Oh ! unbelieving ! So it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

Richard C. Trench, 1807.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

WE have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade ;
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
In infancy we play'd.
But coldness dwells within thy heart—
A cloud is on thy brow ;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now ?

* * * * *

We have been sad together—
We have wept, with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow ;
We have been sad together—
O ! what shall part us now ?

Hon. Mrs. Norion, 1808—

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

How mournful seems, in broken dreams,
The memory of the day,
When icy Death hath sealed the breath
Of some dear form of clay.

When pale, unmoved, the face we loved,
The face we thought so fair,
And the hand lies cold, whose fervent hold
Once charmed away despair.

* * * * *

Oh ! there at last, life's trials past,
We'll meet our loved once more,
Whose feet have trod the path to God—
“Not lost, but gone before.”

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

LOVE NOT.

LOVE not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay !
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
Things that are made to fade and fall away,
When they have blossomed but a few short hours.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

THE MEN OF OLD.

A MAN's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet ;
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh desire.

Lord Houghton, 1800. —

THE LONG-AGO.

ON that deep-retiring shore
 Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
 Where the passion-waves of yore
 Fiercely beat and mounted high;
 Sorrows that are sorrows still
 Lose the bitter taste of woe;
 Nothing's altogether ill
 In the griefs of Long-ago.
Lord Houghton.

A YEAR'S SPINNING,

HE listened at the porch that day,
 To hear the wheel go on and on,
 And when it stopped—ran back away—
 While through the door he brought the sun,
 But now my spinning is all done.

He sat beside me, with an oath,
 That love ne'er ended, once begun;
 I smiled—believing for us both
 What was the truth for only one,
 And now my spinning is all done.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1809-'61

PATIENCE TAUGHT BY NATURE.

"O DREARY life!" we cry, O dreary life!"
 And still the generations of the birds
 Sing through our singing, and the flocks and herds
 Serenely live while we are keeping strife
 With heaven's true purpose in us.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE WEEPING OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
 Ere the sorrow comes with years?
 They are leaning their young heads against their
 mothers,—
 And that cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

GOD GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold the wailers' heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
"And giveth His beloved sleep."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE LAST LEAF.

THE mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809—

THE SABBATH.

YES, child of suffering, thou may'st well be sure,
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE RECONCILIATION.

As through the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,—
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

Alfred Tennyson, 1810- —

THE WIDOW AND CHILD.

HOME they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took a face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept,

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

Alfred Tennyson,

IN MEMORIAM.

I ENVY not in any moods,
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods.

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth—
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true what'er befall—
I feel it, when I sorrow most—
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Alfred Tennyson.

EDWARD GRAY.

"Ellen Adair she loved me well,
Against her father's and mother's will;
To-day I sat for an hour and wept
By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold;
'Thought her proud and fled over the sea;
Filled I was with folly and spite,
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

Alfred Tennyson.

TO THE SEA.

BREAK, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But, oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O sea !
But the the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE DYING YEAR.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out wild bells and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow,—
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Alfred Tennyson.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

I CHATTER, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Alfred Tennyson.

NOBILITY.

HOWE'ER it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Alfred Tennyson.

LOVE.

LOVE took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the
chords with might ;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music
out of sight.

Alfred Tennyson.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

I HELD it truth, to him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.
Alfred Tennyson.

✓ SORROW.

NEVER morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.
Alfred Tennyson.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

THERE's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger ;
We'll win our battle by its aid ;—
Wait a little longer.
Charles Mackay, 1812 — — —

PIETY.

O PIETY ! O heavenly Piety !
She is not rigid as fanatics deem,
But warm as Love, and beautiful as Hope.
Charles Mackay.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

HE's been parted from us long,
Baby mine, Baby mine !
But if hearts be true and strong,
Baby mine !
They shall brave Misfortune's blast,
And be overpaid at last
For all pain and sorrow pass'd,
Baby mine !
Charles Mackay.

TIME.

OH, birth ! oh, death of Time !

Oh, mystery sublime !

Ever the rippling ocean

Brings forth the wave

To smile or rave,

And die of its own motion.

Charles Mackay.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,

In a kingdom by the sea,

That a maiden lived there whom you know

By the name of Annabel Lee ;

And this maiden she lived with no other thought

Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,

In this kingdom by the sea ;

But we loved with a love that was more than love—

I and my Annabel Lee—

With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven

Coveted her and me.

Edgar A. Poe, 1811-'49.

MARY.

WHAT though the name is old and oft repeated,

What though a thousand beings bear it now,

And true hearts oft the gentle word have greeted—

What though 'tis hallow'd by a poet's vow ?

We ever love the rose, and yet its blooming

Is a familiar rapture to the eye ;

And yon bright star we hail, although its looming

Age after age has lit the northern sky.

Edgar A. Poe.

THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—

Silver bells—

What a world of merriment their melody foretells !

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night !
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells !
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight !
From the molten-golden notes,
All in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon !
Oh, from out the sounding cells,

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
How it swells !
How it dwells
On the Future ! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !
Edgar A. Poe.

DREAM-LAND.

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named Night,

On a black throne reigns upright,
I have reach'd these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thulé—
From a wild, wierd clime that lieth, sublime
Out of space—out of time.

Edgar A. Poe.

LENORE.

AH, broken is the golden bowl,
The spirit flown forever !
Let the bell toll !
A saintly soul
Floats on the Stygian river.

Edgar A. Poe.

LIFE.

WE live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths ;—
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most,—feels the noblest,—acts the best.

Philip James Bailey, 1816—

LOVE AND POETRY.

POETS are all who love, who feel great truths,
And tell them ; and the truth of truths is love.

Philip James Bailey.

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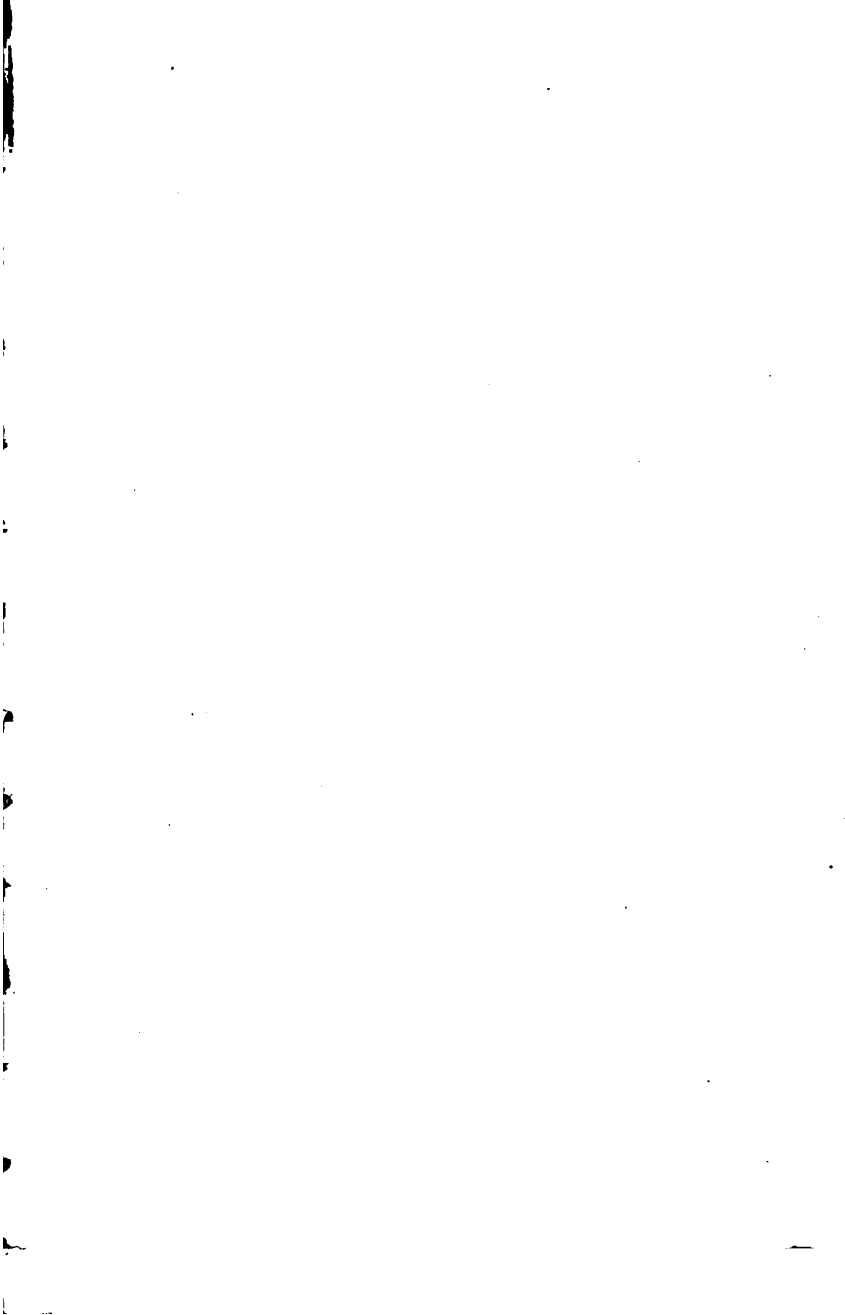
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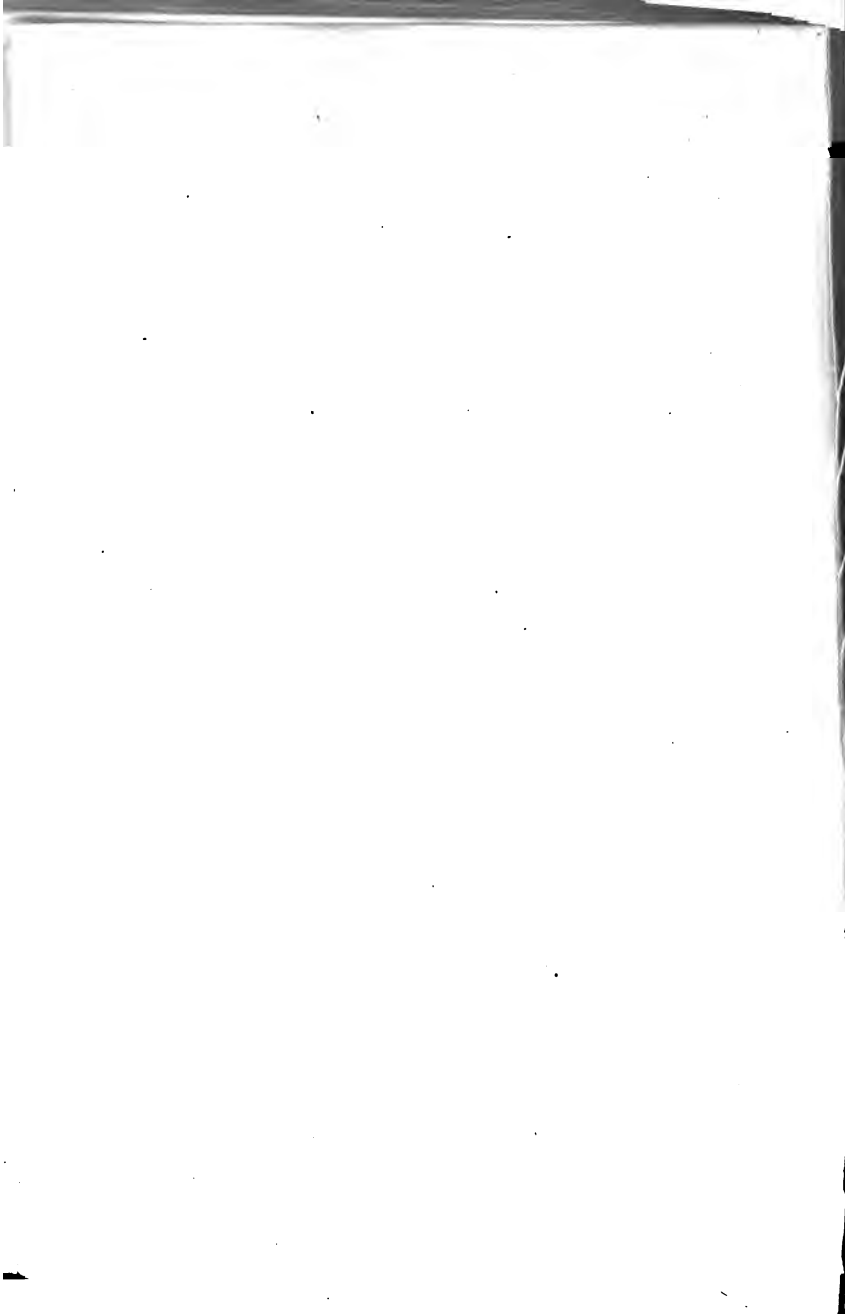
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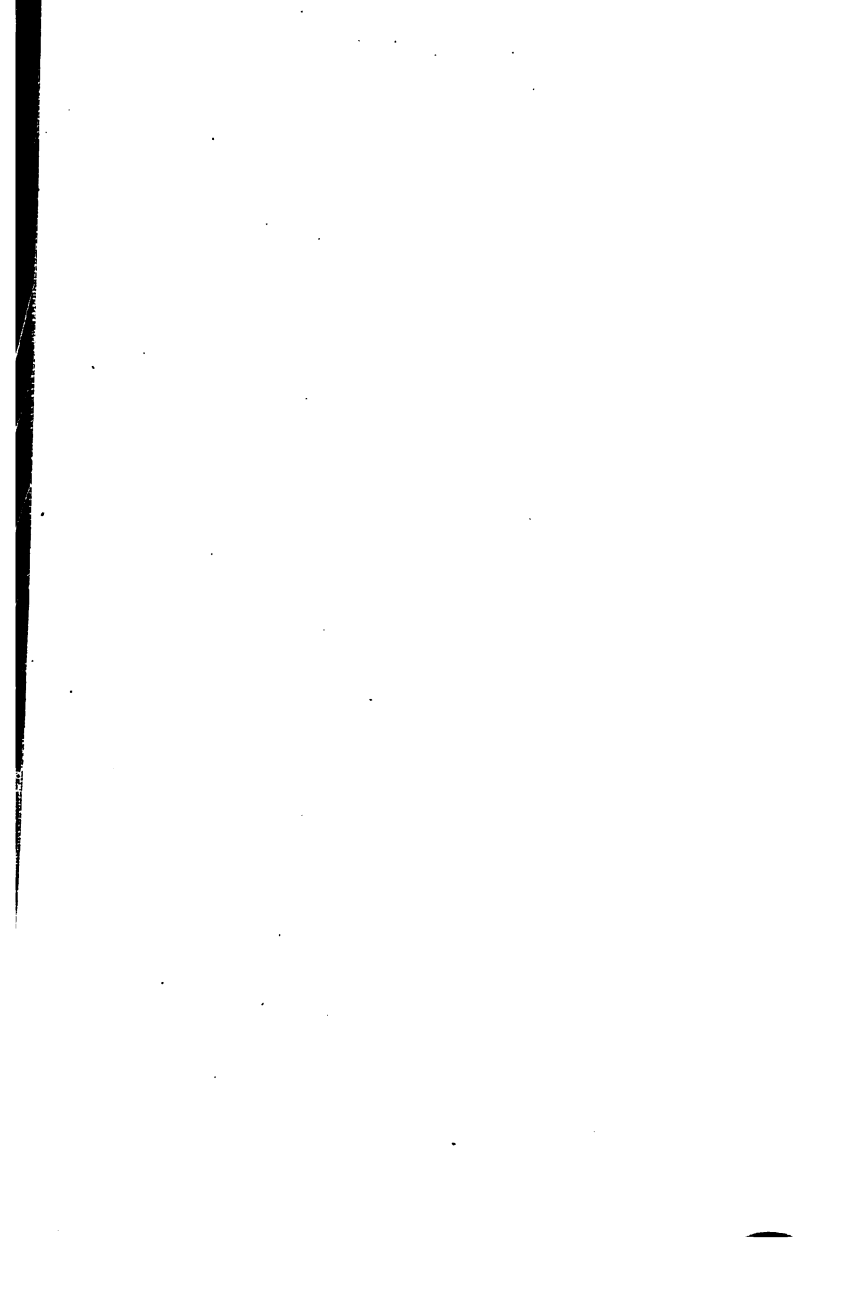
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